

6d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARTER—WEDNESDAY, MAY 14 1952

6d

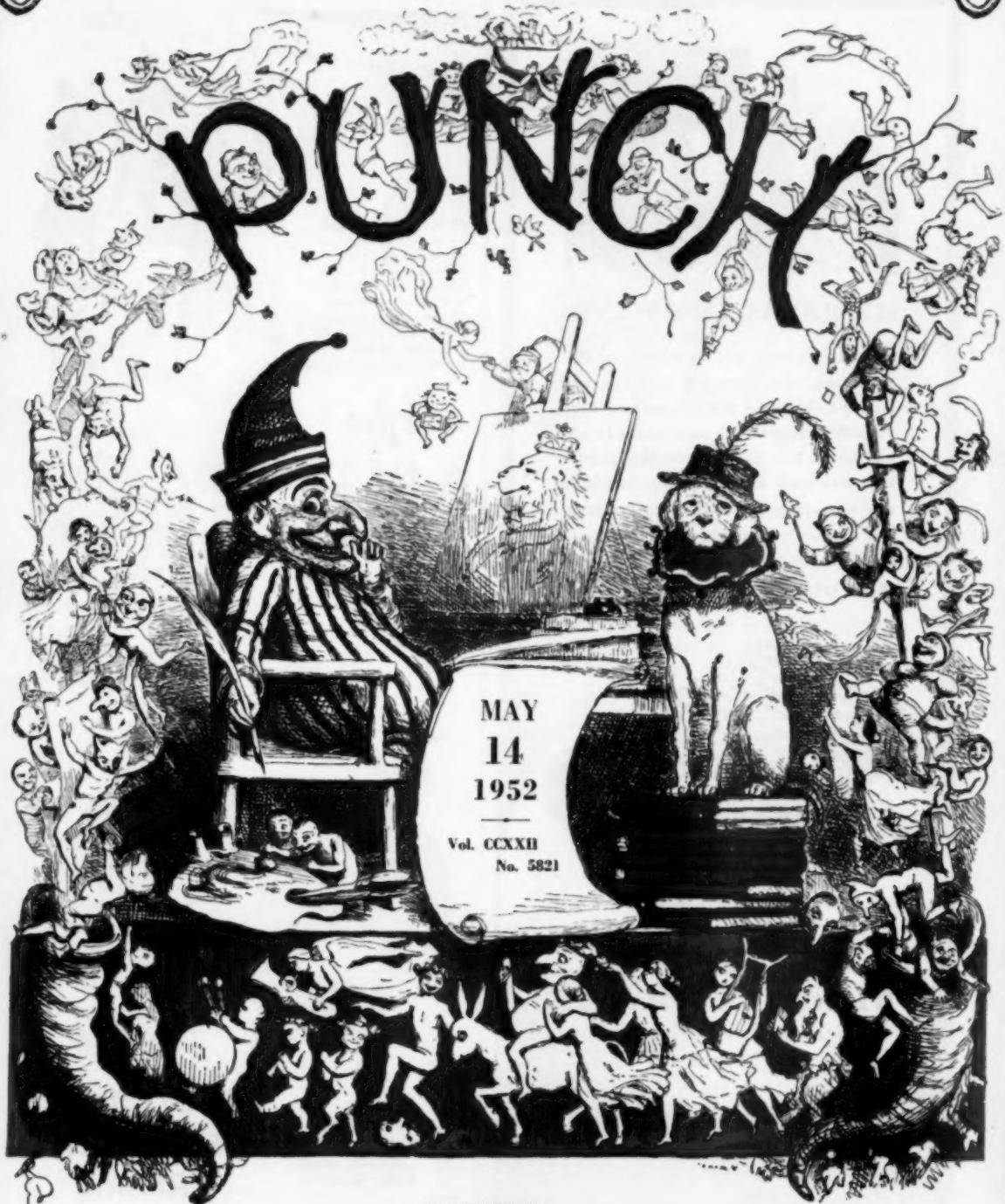
PUNCH



MAY
14
1952

Vol. CCXXII
No. 5821

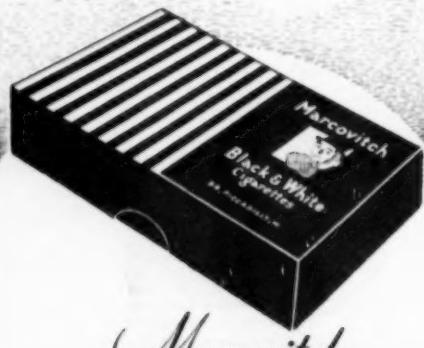
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10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4





BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

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Smartness doesn't end with clothes....



ANTLER Airlight Cases are an entirely new conception in light, reasonably priced luxury luggage, beautifully lined with adequate pockets. Men will also appreciate the spacious dimensions and styling chosen for their particular models.

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The World's Choice



Tobler

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PEPPERMINT
CREAMS**

A centre of fine delicate flavour exquisitely covered with velvet-smooth Tobler Chocolate.

Travellers Joy!

The Gad-About

A full size iron which plugs in anywhere. Indispensable to the clothes-conscious and a boon where there are children. No packing problem, the Gad-About folds flat in its own case. weighs only 1½ lbs.

PRICE 49/6

FALKS
Gad-About
ELECTRIC TRAVELLING IRON

any voltage
anywhere

Obtainable from
usual electrical
suppliers

FALKS U. DEPT., 91 FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.1.
WEST END SHOWROOMS, 20 MOUNT STREET, PARK LANE, W.1.

The 1500

**It looks a good car —
and it is a good car**

* Motor . . . 'These two rather conflicting requirements (ample accommodation and petrol economy) have been met in a car which has a commendably brisk performance.'

SINGER MOTORS LTD • BIRMINGHAM & COVENTRY



'Surprise' Easter Egg in green gold, pink enamel, pearls and diamonds, by Carl Fabergé (1846-1920) goldsmith to the Russian Imperial family. Presented by Nicholas II to his wife, Alexandra Fedorovna, Easter 1898, this Egg contains three miniature portraits which rise up from the interior of the Egg and open fountains.

Drawing prepared with the guidance of Messrs. Wartski, Court Jewellers, London.

The Fabergé touch

With his genius for the intricate, Peter Carl Fabergé, jeweller to the Russian Imperial Court, created pieces of exquisite beauty from traditional materials. His followers of today have even more scope, for they can match their skill with palladium. Rarer than gold, this superbly suitable jewellery metal is fashion's choice for the loveliest settings and re-settings. And it is being used for quite inexpensive jewellery, as well as for luxurious and spectacular suites.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.

Palladium

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELLERY

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION
The Mond Nickel Co. Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon St., London, W.1

Punch, May 14 1952

SMILING FACES

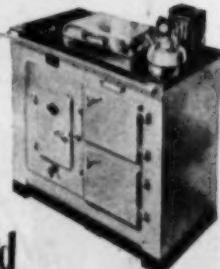
HERE is Mickey . . . happy lad,
Sister Molly makes him glad!
Gives him Toffee, wondrous Sweet!
Made by MAYFAIR . . . good to eat!

Always ask for **Mayfair**
PREMIÈRE
TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

MADE BY MAYFAIR PRODUCTS LTD., SUNDERLAND.

Life's really easier with an ESSE

Naturally you take a brighter view of life when you enjoy ESSE continuous service . . . when ovens are always hot and ready to serve you instantly . . . and when the top-plate will keep a kettle simmering contentedly, early or late. Other sensible points about an ESSE — No daily lighting! No oven flues to clean! Modern thermo-static control.



Can you afford to be without one?

Even with boiler giving constant piped hot water, the 2-oven ESSE Fairy shown, burns less than 1 lb. coke per hour! With boiler £68. 17. 9; without boiler £75. 6. 9 or monthly terms. May we send you catalogue?

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The ESSE COOKER
Company, Prop: Smith &
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Bonnybridge, Scotland.
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and at Liverpool, Edinburgh,
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Only the choicest . . .



and the handsomest . . .



go into Shippam's Chicken & Ham Paste

Back in the shops for the first time in 11 years, Shippam's delicious varieties of Meat Pastes. And what makes them so delicious? The good, pure, nourishing food that goes into them . . . turkey, tongue, chicken, ham, duck and beef.

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Meat and Fish Pastes

Acknowledged the best

AT CHICHESTER SINCE 1750



Ask for

Olde English

the
marmalade
with
tender
thick-cut
peel



1 lb. Jar 1/5



"THE ARISTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE"

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Another JOHN PERRING Enterprise

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Buy where you
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Devoted exclusively
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YOUR BEDROOM SHOULD BE ELOQUENT OF *Elegance*



Second sight . . .



...for home makers

First you see the rooms as they are at present; then you see them in your mind's eye . . . bigger-looking, better-looking — just as Chippendale's Built-in Furniture could make them. Individually designed and constructed by master cabinet-makers, this form of furniture costs less than you might suppose—judged by mass production standards. Especially when you consider that it constitutes a permanently profitable, tax-free investment in your home. If you would like the Chippendale's booklet to give you this 'second sight', write now for your free copy of "The Art of Spacious Living," to

Chippendale's Workshops

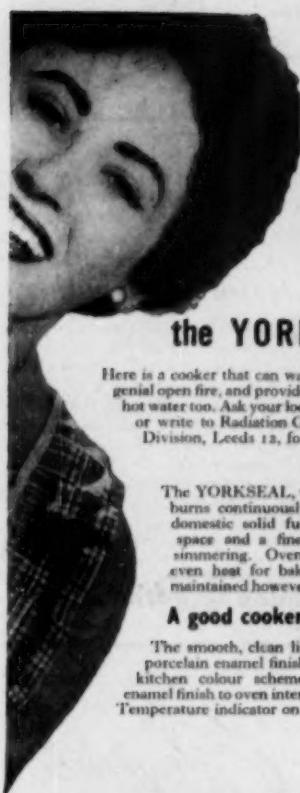
(Dept. 71) 75, Baker Street, London, W.1. Phone: WELbeck 1194

SEE HOW THE EFFECT in this picture is achieved by the Vantona Court Bedcover with the matching curtain made from an extra bedcover. Their graceful design is woven into a strong, colour-fast fabric—and there is a wide choice of designs to suit every bedroom scheme, each in Pacific blue, Lime green, Coral pink or Honey, in sizes from 70° x 100° to 90° x 100°.

The Vantona Household Advice Bureau has a brochure with details of bedroom schemes like the one shown here. Write for your copy (free) to Dept. 9, Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Vantona House, 107, Portland St., Manchester 1.



174/571
A simple theme
based on the classical
Greek honeysuckle
convention.



radiantly yours—

the YORKSEAL cooker

Here is a cooker that can warm the whole room with its genial open fire, and provide gallon after gallon of piping hot water too. Ask your local merchant to show you one or write to Radiation Group Sales Ltd., Solid Fuel Division, Leeds 12, for illustrated leaflet PYL.

Burns any fuel!

The YORKSEAL, with its open-and-close fire, burns continuously and economically on any domestic solid fuel. There's plenty of oven space and a fine big area for boiling and simmering. Oven temperature (such lovely even heat for baking and roasting!) can be maintained however much you use the hotplate.

A good cooker and a good looker!

The smooth, clean lines and the cream LEXOS porcelain enamel finish blend well with almost any kitchen colour scheme. Stain-resisting porcelain enamel finish to oven interiors. Heat-resisting handles. Temperature indicator on oven door.

If the Yorkseal is your sole means of cooking, you may apply to your local Fuel Overseer for a licence for extra fuel.



Approved by
the Ministry
of Fuel and
Power.



SOLID FUEL **Radiation** COOKERS
to solve your fuel problem

The  and
the 

Moth-grubs like fur. But moth-grubs dislike cold: in fact, at 36°-40°F. they lie harmless, and at 12°-16°F. they lie down and die.

So refrigeration is the answer to the storage problem of the furrier. He uses a cold room in which low temperature can be kept constant or varied at will. And refrigeration is the answer to a lot of other people's problems too!

If you've a cooling problem, consult

FRIGIDAIRE

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*the experts in refrigeration:
commercial, industrial, medical and household*

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LTD.

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**INVEST—
or SHIVER!**



... which is it to be? Will you endure draughts, discomfort and wastage of fuel in your home or office again next winter—or enjoy warmth and comfort and economical heating instead? The answer to this question is permanent **drought exclusion by Hermeseal**—but you must make this essential investment today!

Only by a wise decision now, during the brief summer months, will you ensure the blessing of a draught-free home before the colder weather begins. Only thus will you avoid the delay which heavy seasonal demand, apart from possible restrictions in supply, will bring.

We urge you therefore to **anticipate** the draught and heating problems of next winter; to call us in if we can be of service to you, **not then—but now!**

Please write or telephone for full particulars.



HERMESEAL
means warmer homes

BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD., 4, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.I.

Telephone: GROvernor 4324 (3 lines)



Out in front for my springy wool

Why is the Scotch Blackfaced sheep outstanding? Because it's his extra-springy wool that goes, with other fine strains, into those bouncy BMK carpets. They're woven on modern looms, with all of old Kilmarnock's craftsmanship, into beautiful designs fit for palace floors—and yours. They give you the finest value you can get. Look out for BMK when you're buying carpets; the BMK label will be there to identify the leaders!



BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



Otterburn Tweed price reductions save 14/- a yard on Cheviot, and 14/- on Saxony. See the latest Otterburn patterns at high-class tailors and stores, or write to: Otterburn Mill Ltd., Water Mill, Otterburn, Northumberland.

Please enclose 1/- in stamp to cover postage.

"Be well dressed. Be Wool dressed"



Beau Brummell owed his social success
To his knowledge of dress.
"Wool has no denmed substitute!" he'd advise
His friends of every shape and size.

For dressing for Success

**there is NO
substitute for**



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Virtue Brings its Own Reward

RECENTLY I was musing on the gruelling time our wives have had for the past twelve years. What with housework, planning meals, shopping, standing at the sink, standing at the stove . . . how I thank my lucky stars I'm not a woman!

To save my conscience, I bought my wife a fireside chair upholstered in Latex Foam.

"Why Latex Foam?" you may ask.

For one reason only. I've slept on Latex Foam mattresses for some years, and as a result I know there is no upholstery material to compare with it for ease and relaxation.

To-night, with the family all out and the most comfortable chair in the house "all mine," I pass my idea to other husbands . . . and their families. Here, surely, is rather a nice way to show our appreciation of one who has worried and worked herself almost to death for our welfare . . . an ideal gift to celebrate her birthday, or wedding anniversary, or Mother's day, or Christmas.

But, dash it, why wait for an anniversary? What's wrong with NOW?

For further particulars write for "Latex Foam in the Home," free on request.

LATEX FOAM

THE BRITISH RUBBER DEVELOPMENT BOARD
MARKET BUILDINGS, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3

Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15. 15. 0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £5. 5. 0.
Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.
Also School Coats for kiddies.

WETHERDAIR LTD.

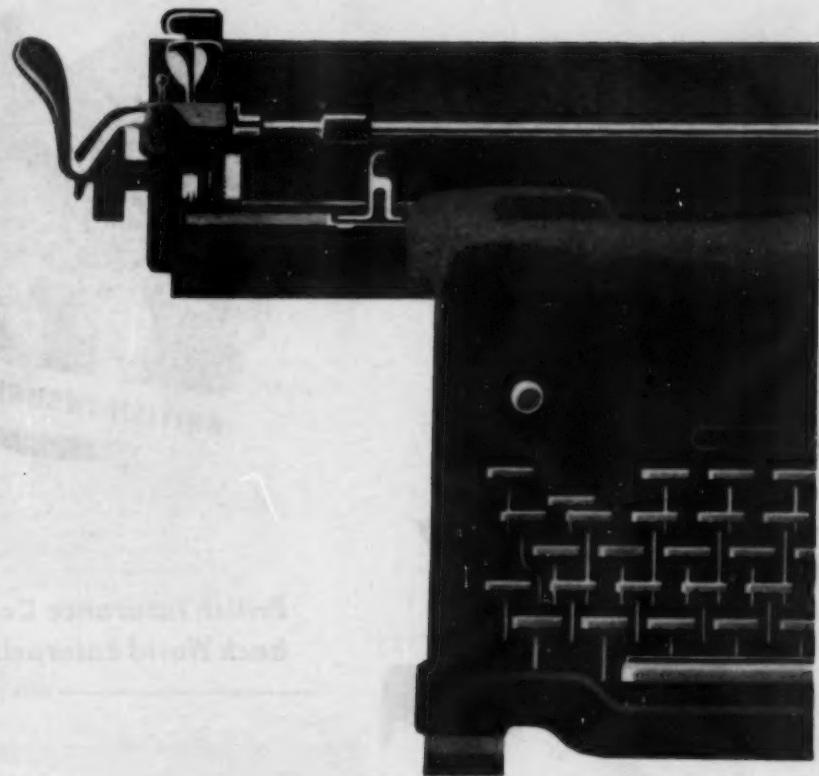
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your feet must breathe



*Pure perspiration is healthy but . . .
it must escape. Only leather does
this. For health and comfort
there's nothing like leather.*

Ask... is it REAL leather?



In design and performance

The name Olivetti has appeared on good typewriters for 44 years. Olivetti machines have carried their own special excellence of design and craftsmanship to the ends of the earth.

Olivetti typewriters, from the Glasgow factory, are making their clearly distinguished, up-to-date mark in businesses at home and overseas; responding easily to every need of the most fastidious typist — satisfying those who insist on letter-perfect letters.

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clearly distinguished

BRITISH OLIVETTI LTD 18 BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W1 GRO 6161

Standard • Electric • Durable Typewriters • Printing Calculators • Mime/Listing Machines

More and More People
are turning to
DEVONSHIRE
cyder



and that means

WHITEWAY'S



GLORIOUS DEVON CYDER - ONLY 18/- A FLAGON
(Dinner on Board)
Gone in Instant

CRT 2



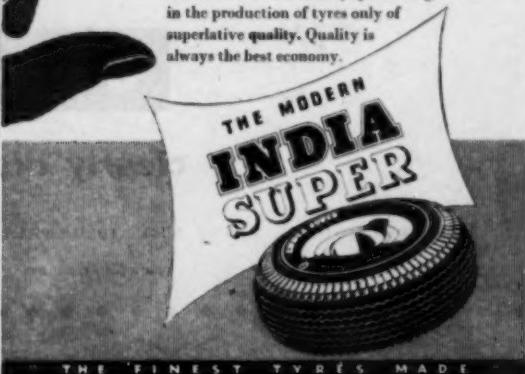
They are taking no avoidable risks with this golden crop—the wool for which nation will bid against nation. It's insured on the sheep's back, in the shearing shed, on truck and train and ship till it reaches the distant ports. British Insurance Companies cover it all the way.

**British Insurance Companies
back World Enterprise**

Issued by the British Insurance Association



THE HIGHER MILEAGE which economy demands to-day can only come from the higher quality of India Tyres. They are made in a Scottish factory specialising in the production of tyres only of superlative quality. Quality is always the best economy.



THE FINEST TYRES MADE



What's that

...you're not using Essolube!
But my dear old chap
it's the only oil for your car



Essolube
MOTOR OIL

The top quality motor oil

ESSO PETROLEUM CO., LTD., 36 QUEEN'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

he's a
CAVEN
TOBACCO
man



You're all set for a cool, smooth smoke with CAVEN TOBACCO. Always in grand condition, this full flavoured tobacco burns evenly—slowly. Every pipeful gives deep satisfaction.

Obtainable in three blends — Caven Mixture 4/6
on oz., Caven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/2 on oz.,
Caven Empire Early Cut 4/3 on oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCO

Richard Murdoch says...



not too little



not too much



ERASMIC
LATHER

is just right

for quick
close
shaving!

COMPLETE IN HOLDER 2/-
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make the most
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in luxury to
some far-off place:
to Spain or Sicily;
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*Remember—money spent on a BEA fare
STAYS INSIDE BRITAIN*

BRITISH
EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Robert Hirst

WEATHERCOATS
OF DISTINCTION
are tailored
like a coat*



The 'Regent'
or 'Oxford'

* Immaculately styled in gabardine for which we can vouch—it's made in our own mill—a Robert Hirst Weathercoat is more than just a raincoat. Write for address of your nearest stockist (where you can see styles for everyone in the family, at prices ranging from 4/- to 11 guineas, Juveniles from £1 19s. 6d.). Robert Hirst & Co. Ltd., Hammeram House, Bradford, and 205, Regent Street, W.I.
n.d.b. 588a



*For a full, rich tawny Port of Character—
ask for*

DELAFORCE
Racing Port

By pricing it at 10/- a bottle, the House of Delaforce (founded in 1868) make it possible for everyone to enjoy this distinctive Racing Port. From all good wine merchants.

* Trade enquiries to: T. & J. Browne & Sons Ltd., 8 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.





quiet, perfect grooming

Other items in the Lenthéric range for men

'Tenkirk' Cologne	3/- & 8/6
After Shave Powder	8/6
Scalp Stimulant	8/6
Hair Dressing	8/6
Brillantine	8/6
Lather Shaving Cream	3/-
Men's Soap	3/-

* Three Musketeers — After Shave Lotion with
Scalp Stimulant and Hair Dressing
Scalp Stimulant and 'Tenkirk' Cologne or
Brillantine and After Shave Powder 25/-

For men who know and value the calm assurance given by perfect grooming—who enjoy the classic luxury of being 'well-barbered'. The invigorating tingle of after-shave lotion, in handy-grip flacon 3/- & 8/6

for men by **Lenthéric**

PARIS · 17 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.I. · NEW YORK

**MORE POWER MORE SAFETY
WITH GREATER COMFORT**



THE RENAULT 750 FOR 1952

At the top of its class and there to stay—the Renault 750 goes from strength to strength. Now, in its 1952 form, a power increase to the 4-cylinder engine of more than 20% adds new quality to this already supreme light car. A highly maneuverable power packed performer, the new Renault 750 will give you all the sparkling acceleration you need in traffic, more impressive top-speeds, crisper take-offs and even more effortless hill-climbing—yet with always something in reserve. And still the 750's extraordinary petrol economy remains unaffected—a test by *The Motor* showed 50 m.p.g. at a steady 40 m.p.h!

All this—plus improved Telescopic shock absorbers and bigger tyres to provide extra comfort and safety for 4 passengers—puts the Renault 750 on a high quality level unequalled in light car motoring.

RENAULT 750

RENAULT LIMITED · WESTERN AVENUE · LONDON · W.3

CVS-286A

*for fun
in the sun...*



He wears a scarf, 27"
square of bright design, 17/6,
a tailoring beach jacket,
striped, smart and
comfortable, £4.17.6,
linen shorts of excellent
cut, £3.3.0, and espadrilles
which come in navy blue,
red and off-white, 15/-

Post orders invited.

Men's Beachwear —
ground floor



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd,
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Quick-drying nylon boxer
shorts. Black, maroon,
royal blue, green. £3.3.0



Well-tailored linen shorts to
wear in or out. In white and
a variety of colours. £3.10.6



Printed cotton shirts
of handsome designs and
bright colours. £2.19.6



Footprint sandals, in natural
calf and brown suede.
Sizes and half-sizes 6-12. £3.9.6

WINNERS TO WATCH

Lady Sophia

LADY SOPHIA. Chestnut filly, 1949.
SIRE. Chantour II, Brown, 1942.

DAM. Fairbourne, Chestnut, 1938.

DESCRIPTION. A very racing-like whole chestnut filly. Prominent blaze on forehead. Not heavily built, she is of the type to appreciate fast-going conditions.

This filly, a winner of three races in Ireland as a juvenile, began her three-year-old career in this country in brilliant style at Kempton Park on Easter Monday by winning the One Thousand Guineas Trial Stakes, defeating Zahara by five lengths with other good fillies well behind.

Lady Sophia is a half-sister to the record-breaking sprinter, Royal Barge, while her sire, the imported Chantour II, was capable of winning at any distance from 7 furlongs upwards, and was twice second in the Ascot Gold Cup.

For over 80 years—ever since Mr. David Cope opened his books in 1872—an ever-increasing number of sportsmen have learned that there can't be anything on Cope's for ready off-the-course betting. Cope's services, Cope's Confidential Credit Service offers you complete dependability and friendly, personal service. Write today for free copy of Cope's Illustrated Broadcasts.

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The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

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Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

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AT LAST! Gone is pain, dryness and stinging razor-rash. Why?—because Colgate Lather Shaving Cream is *mentholated* for refreshing after-shave coolness. Moreover, it is scientifically blended to give you a better and more comfortable shave.

Cleaner Shave, too

First, Colgate's richer, creamier lather gets right in and softens the toughest beard—smoothes the way for a *cleaner*, closer shave. Then, right away, its smooth mentholated action begins refreshing your skin—leaving it *cooler* than ever before. So ask for Colgate *mentholated* Lather Shaving Cream, today.

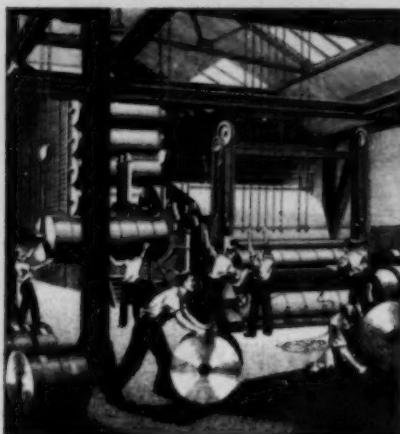
You get the smoothest, coolest shave possible—1/3d and 2/3d.



He looks cool—he acts cool—he is cool
He enjoys the after-shave coolness of
Colgate Lather . . . (it's mentholated).



Scientifically blended
to give the smoothest,
coolest shave yet.



a vital industry

The Thames Board Mills' story is one of vision and enterprise. Here is an organization known wherever British-made "cardboard" is used; proud to be the largest of its kind in the British Empire. Here, modern craftsmen, with their mammoth machines, transform tiny fibres into thousands of tons of "THAMES BOARD" a week. Large reels, small reels, sheets of many sizes, white, brown, grey and coloured—vital board to pack millions of pounds-worth of British goods or to bind books and to make ceilings and walls in buildings of all kinds. Food, soap, clothing, footwear, medical supplies, hardware, electrical apparatus—all manner of goods—need the protection of cartons made from "THAMES BOARD," plus (of course) "FIBERITE" PACKING CASES, to get them safely to market.

THAMES BOARD MILLS LTD. PURFLEET, ESSEX

Manufacturers of
"THAMES BOARD" for cartons and other uses;
"FIBERITE" Packing Cases; "ESSEX" Wallboard.
(Mills at Purfleet, Essex & Warrington, Lancs.)

Punch, May 14 1952



A scene in Dalarna, Sweden.

All that's best from Britain . . .

Land of mountains, pine forests and swirling rivers . . . this is Sweden. Here live a people old in the art of producing fine precision tools, pottery and architecture . . . a people forward-looking and eager to enjoy the best . . . that is why the Standard Vanguard is a big favourite with them. Built by the finest engineering craftsmen, tested under the most arduous conditions it is a car that truly represents 'all that's best from Britain.'

*Manufactured by THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., COVENTRY, ENGLAND.
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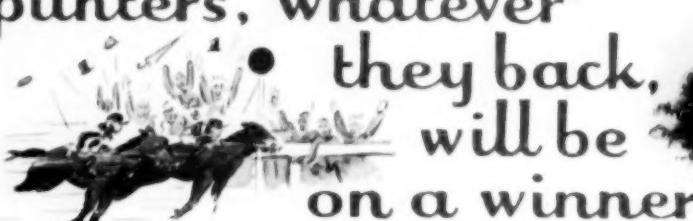


MAY



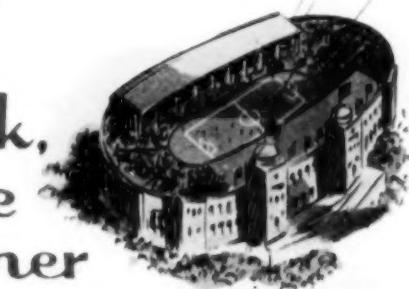
Cast not a clout ere May be out.

 May flowers are brought forth. Likewise flies and poles. Cup-tie fever reaches a high temperature at Wembley.

 Down at Epsom all punters, whatever they back, will be on a winner when they

have a
Capstan

- they're made to make friends.



A SWARM OF BEES IN MAY IS WORTH A LOAD

OF HAY

may we say this....

... to-day, no matter where you look, you will not find a better television picture than the one obtainable from the 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' 1651. This big screen receiver also combines facilities for broadcast radio reception including Frequency Modulation; and the cabinet, which is hand built by craftsmen, is available in a variety of modern and period styles. The 1651 is, indeed, a possession of which anyone might be proud and it is made available at a very reasonable price.

Pull details of this outstanding receiver are given in an illustrated brochure which can be obtained from your dealer, or upon application to the address below.



'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' *big screen television*

THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED, TELEVISION DEPARTMENT, QUEENS HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2



'Quality Sells'



By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

The Distinctive Whisky in The Distinctive Bottle

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH Sanderson & Son LTD., BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.I.

It PAYS to buy **JOHN BULL** **TYRES**



because the John Bull distribution policy—
direct from factory to garage—eliminates
intermediary profits, which are passed on
to the motorist in the form of—

- ★ better quality materials
- ★ better quality workmanship
- ★ more generous build

Moreover, in buying tyres from your GARAGE, you contribute
towards the insulation of up-to-date plant and equipment.
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PUNCH



CHARIVARIA

MR. BUTLER claims to have "slammed the door on the wolf." The wolf is probably feeling thankful that it wasn't hauled into the larder.

Dutch Treat

"For a winning slogan in a 'Come to Holland' contest, 14-year-old Brian A. Bodlam, of Roseacre Lane, Bearsted (Kent) has won a week's holiday in Paris."

Evening News

Mr. Christopher Fry, in a debate on dramatic criticism, said recently: "A critic needs the patience and concentration of a birdwatcher, the eye of a sleuth and the capacity of an explorer." Otherwise some of the shyer West End comedies may get away before he spots them.

A goodwill mission made up of representatives of all sections of British transport services is to tour the Continent this summer. Having failed to find any goodwill over here!



"BUT CAN THEY SPELL EISENHOWER?

General Eisenhower's name will not be on the ballots, and the "write-in" vote his supporters have tried to organise will be cut down by the state's strict "write-in" laws.

They provide that a written-in candidate's name must be spelt correctly and that the voter must draw a square opposite it and fill it with an 'X' . . .

General Eisenhouwer is expected to win 19 of the 22 delegates to be named by Republicans of Kansas."—*Evening Standard*
See! It's not so easy.

"What would happen if prices were slashed by 100 per cent? Well, I suppose some people would buy, but others would wait, expecting prices to fall still lower."

Yorkshire Post

Some people are never satisfied.



Girls who sign on in the W.R.A.C. for long periods may be released from their engagements if they marry. Or, of course, if they decide not to.

In Chicago a Mrs. Rum charged her husband with habitual drunkenness, obtained a divorce and resumed her maiden name of Miss Cork. To writers of humorous paragraphs the world over it is a matter of keen regret that the proceedings did not disclose the fact that Miss Cork was of Scotch extraction.

Glorious Devon!

"Sir Archibald Bodkin, for 15 years chairman of Devon Quarter Sessions until his retirement in 1947, was the guest of honour of County Justices of the Peace at lunch at the Imperial Hotel, Exeter, yesterday, on his 90th birthday.

The only toast apart from 'The Cream' was to Sir Archibald."

Western Morning News

Mr. Jack Solomons considers that there are plenty of British boxing "hopes" waiting to be discovered. He regards them as untapped resources.





"I meant it to be a surprise."

ARCHAEOLOGY

IN my garden I found a big tooth. When I say a big tooth I mean a molar the size of a fist. I considered that it was a good thing to make yourself useful to science, so I bought a large spade and began to dig in my garden. After digging for twenty minutes I found half an incisor and I felt that I was making good progress.

My neighbours had noticed that I stood in my garden digging. There is not much my neighbours don't notice. The proprietor of the garden on my right asked me why I was digging. I stopped for a moment and showed him the molar and the half of the incisor. But he laughed and said "Why don't you tell me? We've always been friends."

"We've always been friends," I said, "but I only want to serve science."

He got angry and said that he'd never trusted me and that he would dig in his own garden and that he was sure to find something. I wished him luck and continued digging.

After three-quarters of an hour I found a rib. A rib three feet long. I laid the rib carefully down beside the molar and the half incisor. The owner of the garden opposite to mine took advantage of the opportunity and asked me why I had begun to dig in my garden and why the owner of the garden on my right had also begun to dig.

"I don't know why he is doing it," I said, "but I want to make myself useful to science." And I pointed to the molar, the half incisor and the rib three feet long.

But he laughed good-humouredly and said "There is no reason for

not telling me. We've never had any trouble, have we? We are friends."

I answered that there was much truth in what he said, but that I really only wanted to be useful to science.

"All right, all right," he said, "if you want to put it that way. But I tell you that one day you'll find yourself in a lot of trouble and there will be nobody to help you, mark my words. And as to this digging, I can dig myself and I don't need you."

I wished him luck and continued digging.

After digging for an hour and a half I found another rib three feet long. As I was standing with the rib in my hand the woman the garden diagonally opposite to me belongs to called me and asked

what was the reason for all that digging; I had been the first, so I should know. I pointed to the molar, the half incisor, the rib and the second rib I had in my hand and said that I wanted to make myself useful to science.

"I thought you were different," she said, "but I know better now. You'll come to a bad end, a very bad end, and I can dig like a man, and luck is always with those who have their heart in the right place."

I wished her luck and looked at the garden on my left, but there was probably nobody at home. I continued digging.

As night fell, all my neighbours were digging in their gardens, but I had already dug him out, the mammoth. Or rather, the skeleton of the mammoth. It was a magnificent specimen, complete but for a molar, half an incisor and two ribs, and that was easily set right. The mammoth was too big to bring inside; I put him, with a little difficulty, close to the house and left him there. I entered the house and went to bed.

Next morning mammoths were standing in nearly all the gardens. The neighbours shook their fists at me and asked if that was all they'd ruined their gardens for. I said it wasn't my fault, but they wouldn't listen to reason. I took my spade and started filling in the hole.

After a while the attitude of my neighbours became too threatening; I think they had expected to dig up gold or diamonds. I went inside and 'phoned the men of science. They came and said I had been very useful. They said that my neighbour had also been very useful. My neighbours smiled and answered that they had merely done their duty.

Some weeks later the whole town was turned over, but no more mammoths were found. Not even the smallest bone, not even the slightest trace of a mammoth. The men of science are still in search of an explanation. As for me, I am not interested in explanations: I only wish to be useful to science.

NOTE FOR POSTERITY

ON Friday the second of May, nineteen-fifty-two,
At about nine-fifteen in the morning,
A helicopter circled at a thousand feet over the King's
Road.
The office-girl on her way to the bus-stop stood and
gazed at it,
The boy delivering the groceries craned over his
shoulder so that his bicycle wobbled,
The Chelsea Pensioner leaned back on his stick and
blocked the narrow bit of pavement opposite the
end of Smith Street,
The young mother bent over her child in its
perambulator and said "Look, darling! What's
that?"

O you who have your copies of *Punch* bound
half-yearly in maroon cloth,
And O you who leaf over old numbers in dentists'
waiting-rooms,
And O you who comb the files in public libraries
seeking material for essays,
Turn back to this page in twenty years' time
And laugh at us for our simplicity,
Pity us for our lack of civilized amenities,
Be angry with us for the ease with which we are
distracted from our daily tasks,
But envy us too, who can look untroubled into the
sky and see nothing more sinister
Than a helicopter descending into Chelsea Barracks to
pick up the Secretary of State for War.

B. A. YOUNG



INTERVIEW WITH INCUBU

"CLEFT him from chin to chine at a single stroke," chuckled Sir Henry Curtis reminiscingly. "And that was that."

Sir Henry is over a hundred now and his great shoulders have begun to sag a little, but his memory is happily unimpaired and no man speaks with more authority, or more readily, about Africa and her problems.

"Tell me," I said eagerly, poised my notebook and pencil, "what do you think should be done about the troubles in that divided continent? Is there any solution——"

"Troubles!" he cried, raising his huge head like a buffalo disturbed at a drinking pool. "What troubles? How many slain?"

I reminded him briefly about the discord in South Africa and how the fears of the white minority were leading to racial discrimination.

"Minority!" he shouted, emphasizing the word with a series of thumps on the mail shirt he still wears on chilly evenings. "What do they expect? Why, Quatermain and dear old Good and I were never outnumbered by less than a thousand to one—and we took no special measures beyond cleaning ourselves up and sharing out what little biltong we had. As for racial discrimination—racial discrimination, my foot! We fought anybody. Matabele, Askari, Massai, Zu-vendi——"

I did my best to explain to the old boy that times have changed, and he agreed. "You can't have any fun nowadays," he said. "It's all gone, all the old freedom lost. Policemen everywhere. Elephant grass cut down, and assegai done up in bundles of six and sold to America. Comets landing in Kukuanaland, as they tell me. Kukuanaland! Not a stone's throw from the place where, but for Quatermain's quickness and skill, I might well have been pinned to the ground by one of those shovel-headed spears the Massai Elmoran (or young warrior) affects. It all comes back to me as if it were yesterday. The three of us seated at our simple evening meal of roast water-buck, Good's warning shout, a swift glimpse of a black head peering over a boulder——"

"Your views on the restriction of the native franchise——" I began.

"—then the sharp snap of a Winchester, and there was the grizzled old hunter coolly beginning to clean his rifle, while the huge, muscular body of our assailant toppled down the slope at our feet. 'Masai!' asked Good, raising his eyebrows (if I remember aright) in a quizzical manner, and dear old Quatermain nodded."

"Your views would be of great interest——"

"And that was the end of the affair. Though nowadays," added Sir Henry in a tone of deep disgust, "I have no doubt there would be some sort of inquiry."

"There would indeed," I told him.

"Mind you, we had none of this wretched white-against-black business you keep harping on," he continued. "It was Good against Bad in my day, not Black against White. The good blacks were on our side, and we slaughtered the bad blacks as occasion arose. Reluctantly, of course. But what could we do? When there are only five of you, including a couple of terrified Wakwafis, against eight or ten thousand——"

"Just so," I said. "Now in view of the intransigent——"

"More like twelve thousand, now I come to think of it," said Sir Henry. "There must have been at least three impis drawn up on the plain in front of us and another on the hill on our right. Well, we cut their centre to pieces and were turning our attention, weary as we were, to the task of rolling up their left when our one remaining Wakwafi (poor Kabaka had had his head knocked clean off by a knobkerrie in the early stages of the battle, I am sorry to say) suddenly called out that another ten thousand picked warriors were attacking us in the rear. I confess that when I heard the news——"

"This is all very well, Sir Henry——"

"—I half-feared that we were done for, and even Quatermain looked thoughtful as he cuddled his Martini-Henry more closely against his cheek. Indeed, but for a timely eclipse——"

"Sir Henry," I repeated sternly, "I fail to see what this interminable reminiscence has to do with the present situation in Africa. My readers expect results from this interview, and I must ask for your co-operation in bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion without further delay."

For answer, dear old Curtis plucked down his battle-axe from its place above the mantel and began to whirl it at increasing speed round his still-handsome head. "I smell blood," he told me.

Noticing that his great shoulders were beginning to sag a little, and not wishing to overtire him, I left.

H. F. ELLIS

* * *

OH LIZBETH!

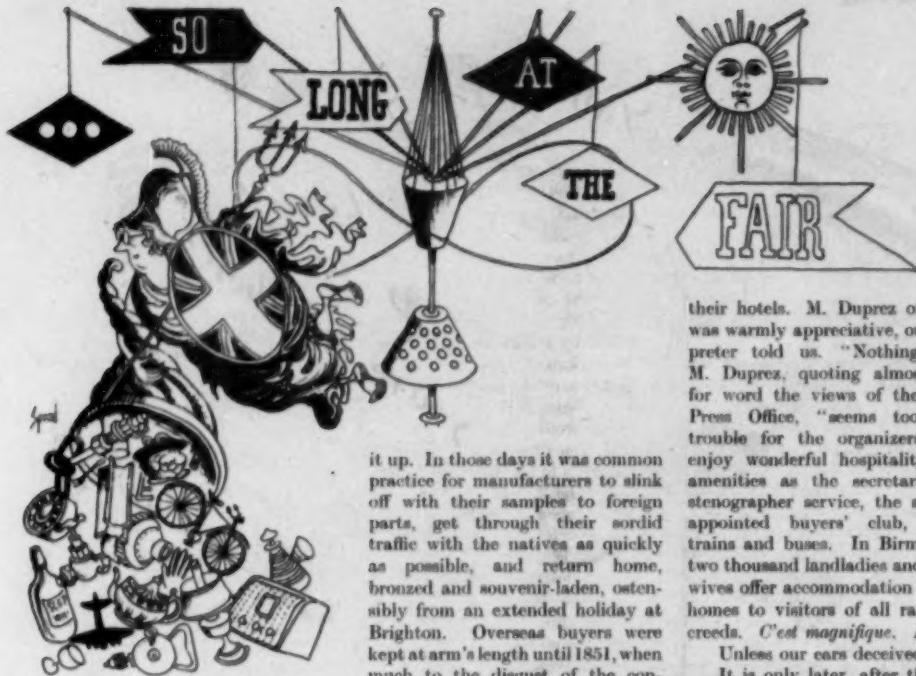
Miss Lizbeth Scott is reported as saying that she will probably marry an American, as "American husbands are the only ones who help their wives with the washing-up."

THE only ones! What of us Britons! Why
It seems to us the day is drawing nigh
When here proud husbands will be heard to say
"My wife took on my washing-up to-day—
She'll turn her hand to anything." That's what
The British husband's coming to, Miss Scott.

W. K. HOLMES



PARLIAMENT HILL.



EVERY week something like fifty million pounds-worth of goods are shipped from Britain. Never mind, for the moment, that rather more than fifty million pounds-worth of goods are shipped to Britain, and that this hebdomadal disparity is apt to engender headaches and a vague feeling of unworthiness; let us forget the Gap for a page or two and think only of our achievements as manufacturers and exporters.

And let's seize the opportunity presented by the thirty-first British Industries Fair (at Olympia, Earl's Court and Castle Bromwich) to clarify our reputedly insular ideas on the mechanism of international trade.

In order to export we have first to find people overseas, even foreigners, who are willing and able to buy our goods. This fact was recognized and accepted—though very reluctantly—by English business men and economists several hundred years ago. They regarded it as a major disadvantage of overseas trade and did their best to hush

it up. In those days it was common practice for manufacturers to slink off with their samples to foreign parts, get through their sordid traffic with the natives as quickly as possible, and return home, bronzed and souvenir-laden, ostensibly from an extended holiday at Brighton. Overseas buyers were kept at arm's length until 1851, when much to the disgust of the contemporary press they were allowed to visit London and infest the Crystal Palace.

Well, times have changed. We still have to find people overseas (especially good old foreigners) who are able and willing to buy our goods, but now they are welcomed with open arms. They are even invited here.

This year more than one hundred and thirty thousand personal invitations were sent to overseas buyers by the conveners of the B.I.F., and this massive appeal was supported by a thousand advertisements in twenty-six languages in the newspapers of sixty countries, by eighty-five thousand posters and innumerable booklets. In North America alone this year's advertising campaign has cost \$130,000.

With so much at stake we cannot afford to take chances, so last week we were at Olympia bright and early to greet the first batch of buyers. They had been given free viands and had been swept through the Customs in record time. They had been saluted smartly on both cheeks and conducted to

their hotels. M. Duprez of Lyons was warmly appreciative, our interpreter told us. "Nothing," said M. Duprez, quoting almost word for word the views of the B.I.F. Press Office, "seems too much trouble for the organizers. We enjoy wonderful hospitality, such amenities as the secretarial and stenographer service, the superbly appointed buyers' club, special trains and buses. In Birmingham two thousand landladies and housewives offer accommodation in their homes to visitors of all races and creeds. *C'est magnifique. Bis!*"

Unless our ears deceived us,

It is only later, after the hugs and kisses, that the British manufacturers revert from public to private enterprise. The great hall of Olympia coruscates with nineteen thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight electric lights and incandescents with colour. Hundreds of exhibitors lean at the ready by hundreds of stands, all bearing the unofficial hallmark of the Council of Industrial Design. (The *stands*, not necessarily the exhibitors.) Pretty demonstrators, the pick of the factories, make nervous last-minute adjustments to their routine, their patter, their faces . . . And then the doors are opened and the buyers swarm*. A splendid sight.

From our vantage point near the "vertical feature" information counter we watch closely as the buyers saunter along the aisles. They converse quietly, with an occasional greeting, and glance at the exhibits with a couln't-care-less nonchalance.

* The general public will be admitted to-day, May 14, at Olympia and Earl's Court, every afternoon at Castle Bromwich. The Fair closes on May 16.

For their part the exhibitors are equally circumspect and (as yet) undemonstrative. Their mercantilist zeal is still masked by an air of serene indifference. The old Adam Smith in them dies hard.

But nobody is deceived.

Here is a prosperous-looking buyer who spends ten minutes examining the wares of a certain textiles stand, while the exhibitor sits absorbed in the racing page of his newspaper. The behaviour of both men seems ludicrously casual.

Another buyer approaches, and the exhibitor immediately swings into action. His fingers snap and a team of gorgeous mannequins emerges from the stand and parades captivatively before the prospective customer. And within five minutes big business is being done. Question: how did the exhibitor know that Buyer A came from Denmark and was interested in curtain material in a purely aesthetic and unbusiness-like way? Question: how did he know that Buyer B was a hard-currency man and carried a cheque for £20,000 in his wallet? We don't know. Enterprise, perhaps? Or clairvoyance?

This year there are fewer buyers from South Africa and many more from Germany and Japan. At Earl's Court we saw three Japanese business men—faultlessly dressed in Savile-Row-type suitings and Northampton-type shoes—admiring a display of bone china tea-sets. They seemed most impressed by certain of the patterns and submitted them to a very detailed inspection. Then they walked away with Japanese-type grins on their faces. No business was transacted ...

We made no attempt to cover more than a few hundred yards of the thirty-five miles of stands at this year's Fair, and we studied the merchandise only when the supply of interesting merchants slackened: so our report on the exhibits is sketchy and mostly second-hand. Readers may like to know, however, that the versatility of British designers and producers has recently been emphasized by a number of remarkable creations. Let us quote from official documents:

Beer-proof Piano for Canteen Cowboys.

World's first "Picnic Fridge"—incorporates a special cooling chamber for edibles.

The "Telejacket," specially designed for wear while watching TV programmes . . . allows complete freedom of movement.

"Western" Shirts for Square Dancers. Shirts carry names that explain the styles—"Hank," "Bar X," "Tenderfoot," etc.

Silent Organ. Twenty-four people can play at once, wearing headphones. Designed to make teaching of big classes possible under any conditions.

Plastic Collars, Shirt-fronts, Cuffs. Wipe clean with damp cloth . . . of special interest to head waiters, choirboys, high dignitaries of the Church and cinema staffs.

Cow Tamer. Device fitted to cows to stop kicking and tail switching while milking in progress.

Combined Lino and Carpet. Portable Cocktail Bar. Handbag Hammock. Sunshine Controller.

If we found some sections of the Fair disappointing it was chiefly because the goods on view failed to



do justice to the industry's current output. Only a handful of the units in any industry can (or will?) exhibit at the Fair, and as things are the buyer has no chance of seeing a truly representative selection of its wares. Is it then impossible for each industry to pool its resources in some way and to use at least one of its available stands to display the full range of its activities? It seems odd that buyers interested in (say) domestic glassware should be unable to find at Earl's Court a single representative of the famous glass-blowers and glass-cutters of Stourbridge. What about it?

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





"... Yes, these feel nice and comfortable."

THE HORSE AND THE HURRICANE

READING my way steadily, with respect and enjoyment, through Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham's *A Sailor's Odyssey*, I came to the point where, a midshipman in the South African War, he is making his way alone from the rear to the naval guns in the front line. "Next morning," he writes, "we heard the naval guns were only six miles ahead, and at eight o'clock, when I had just managed to get a fire alight on the [railway] platform and was frying myself a bit of bacon, *who should ride in but the paymaster*, who said that the guns had started at seven that morning and were going nineteen miles that day."

The italics are all my own work. I have been a naval paymaster for many years, or what used to be called a naval paymaster, but never have I come across more dramatic mention of a colleague. I can picture the scene: the limitless veld, the solitary youthful figure frying bacon on the little railway platform. Suddenly the cool silence of the early morning is broken by the sound of coconut shells being banged together. The paymaster arrives in

a cloud of dust. Bronzed and bearded, he throws himself from his horse, tosses the reins over a hitching-post, and strides up the platform, his tall hound, Ship's Biscuit, at his heels. The crouching figure looks up from its bacon. "The guns, sir, what of them?" The paymaster, arms akimbo as I see it, looks down upon his young shipmate, a smile, at once whimsical and jolly, puckering his strong face. "The guns," says he, "why, they'll be twenty-five miles away by sundown." With which, calling his dog off the bacon, he strides away again; and, if I know my profession, probably arranges for the supply of five hundredweight of haricot beans and a selection of socks, seaman's black uniform—five size ten-and-a-half, eight size eleven, three size eleven-and-a-half, shall we say, and one size twelve.

After this, as I read, I watched carefully for more news of the exploits of my colleagues. I was rewarded. In 1926 Captain Cunningham commanded the *Calcutta*, a cruiser. She was at Bermuda, lying

in a dockyard basin three hundred yards square. There was a hurricane, a monster of a hurricane. At one time a wind-speed of one hundred and thirty-eight miles an hour was recorded. Forty wires secured the ship to the basin-side, and there was an anchor down. All the wires parted, the ship careered across the basin, and the best her anchor and engines could do was to help the captain bump her into the least unsuitable place on the far side. It was during this upheaval that the paymaster commander of the *Calcutta* made his gesture. "Oblivious in his cabin," writes the author, "to all the wild happenings on deck, [he] sent Maltby [the commander] a message asking if it would be convenient to pay the boys!"

The exclamation mark is the author's, but I must confess I see no cause for laughter. I even question whether the paymaster was indeed oblivious to the weather. Was mere weather-to-be allowed to interfere with the dispatch of the ship's intricate accounting business? I submit not. Again, I can picture the scene.

In his cabin the paymaster stands tied to the open money-safe. The key, which cannot be removed from the lock unless the safe is shut, is attached to his person by a key-chain, in accordance with a Queen's Regulation designed to prevent him from leaving an open safe in an empty cabin. Against the bulkhead his spaniel Pay Day is curled up in a spitkid, chewing an old pound note. The ship is lurching ominously, grinding against the dock-side. Leading Writer Bloggs balances himself in the door-way.

"Pass the word to the Commander," says the paymaster, "that I am ready, at his convenience, to pay the boys."

"But, sir, there's a hurricane . . ."

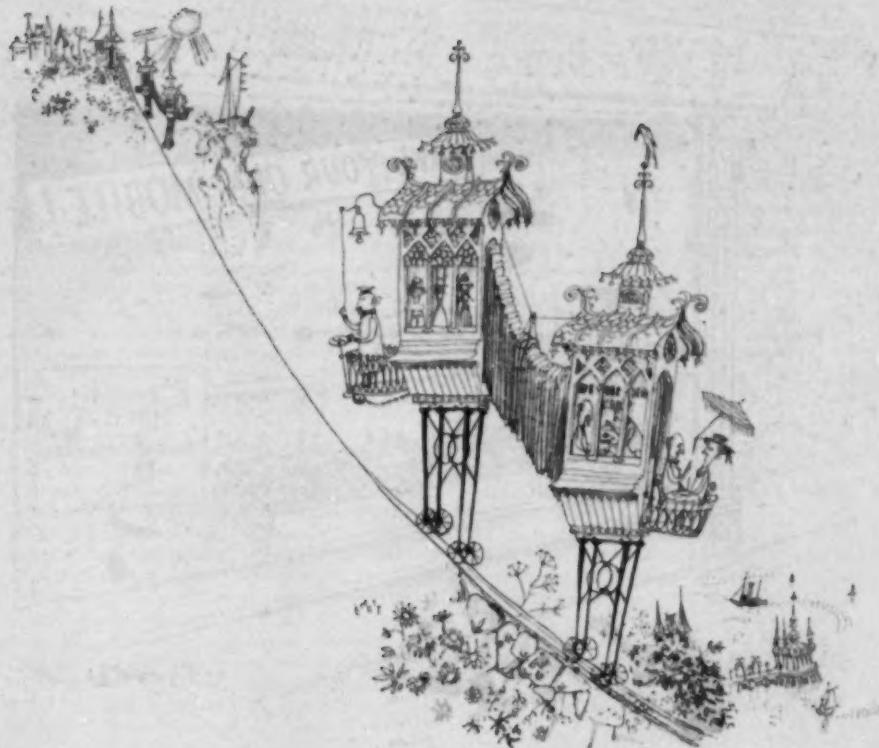
"And how, may I ask, do you know that there's a hurricane?"

Bloggs hangs his head. "I was up on deck," he confesses.

"Up on deck in working hours?"

"Yes, sir."

The paymaster advances to the full extent of his hawser. "A little more time in your office, Leading



"I must say they've improved the service enormously this year . . ."

Writer Bloggs," he says, "a little less time up top goofing at the pulley-haulies, and I shall be better pleased."

"Aye, aye, sir," says Bloggs, retiring beyond the paymaster's radius of action. There is a crash outside as the straining ship levers a bollard bodily out of its concrete bed.

"Nip up on deck and deliver my message," says the paymaster.

"Aye, aye, sir," says Bloggs again, and does so.

Swinging the heavy door in time with the movement of the ship the paymaster locks his safe, disentangles himself from it, and settles down at his desk. Noticing that Pay Day has finished his pound note, he makes an entry in

his cash account under the heading "Miscellaneous Messing Expenditure." Engrossed in his work he disregards the high whine of the wind and the final jolt as the ship crashes into a stone structure on the other side of the basin; these, as he and I see it, are matters for another department.

I do not know which of these two colleagues of mine I admire more: the dashing adaptability of 1900; or the calm pursuit of business-as-usual a quarter of a century later. I like to think, indeed, that they may have been the same person. Only a young man could have stood those long days in South Africa, accounting in the saddle; and such a man might well have grown to be the staid, formidable

paymaster commander, who, unshaken by the fact that his safe had become lodged in the heart of a hurricane, was resolved that the boys, lads of fifteen and sixteen, far from their mothers, should receive the pay to which they were entitled on the day upon which it was due.

Yes, if I looked again into that cabin in the *Calcutta* I think I should see, above the desk, a yellowing photograph of a paymaster on horseback. On the face at the desk beneath I should see traces of the smile, both jolly and whimsical, with which the midshipman was greeted years before. And, as I gazed, I should long to ask a single question of professional interest: how did he, a naval paymaster, account for his horse?



DAGGERS DRAWN

THE Post Office and the Railways are at variance. They may try to patch it up in public, but their whole approach is different. The one provides facilities; the other imposes prohibitions. The Postmaster General claims "the exclusive privilege [mark the word] of carrying letters from place to place," and sets out a whole list of services, some very special, which he invites people to use. But to the railways the running of trains is not a privilege but a chore, and the vast majority of their handouts are devoted to services which "The Executive" do not undertake."

An inkling of the antagonism latent between them is shown in their irritability on the subject of common carriers. "Carriers," says the P.M.G.¹ "are specially prohibited from carrying letters." Then, with a sneer, "Railways are carriers." "The Executive," comes the retort from the station hoardings, "are not, and will not be, common carriers." The Executive drops its voice. Not, at any rate, "of animals."

Where the P.M.G. courteously undertakes to fulfil

any reasonable request that falls within his competence, the railways affect an air of cynical indifference:

"The Executive² shall be at liberty (a) to despatch trains from junction or other stations before the arrival of other trains shown in the Executive's timetables as connecting trains;"

But why? Mind your own business.

"And (b) to suspend or discontinue the issue of tickets, or to suspend or discontinue the running of trains, or to alter the times of starting or arrival of trains in any circumstances [Yes! Yes!] in which the Executive may consider it expedient so to do."

For sheer high-handedness and petty despotism this clause would take a lot of beating. What if the P.M.G. were to embrace this nihilistic philosophy and deliver himself of something on the following lines?

"The Postmaster General reserves the right (a) to deliver any letter or postal packet to any address in the United Kingdom other than that to which it is consigned, and (b) to burn, mutilate, or destroy any letter or postal packet whenever it shall meet his convenience so to do, or to cause such letter to be withheld from delivery until his pleasure be known."

¹ Post Office Guide, July 1951, p. 23 ² Ibid, p. 24

The difference is nowhere more apparent than in their treatment of parcels. You can imagine the P.M.G. talking it over with a member of his staff. "I know it's going to be awkward, but we really can't have people sending livestock through the post." "Oh, surely, sir," says his assistant—"surely there's some livestock they can send!" "Well, there's bees, of course . . ." The P.M.G. thinks it over and eventually he lets us send not only bees but leeches, silkworms, parasites, and destroyers of noxious insects as well.⁴

The railways work differently. "I suppose," says the Controller, or whoever it is—that's another thing; you never know—"I suppose we shall have to let 'em carry musical instruments with 'em. I don't see how we can stop it." "Oh, surely, sir," chimes in his subordinate—"surely not *any* musical instrument! Give me a day or two and I'll think of some they can't send." The subordinate wins:

"Passengers are now permitted to take with them such articles as Bath Chairs (not folded) and Bass Violas, except on payment, etc."⁵

Saxophones, yes; even 'cellos which weigh and measure very little less. But not a good, Arts Council, musical appreciation thing like a Bass Viol.

It sometimes happens that in their search for things to prohibit the railways are driven to the edge of fantasy. A superintendent who had never heard of the Factory Acts must have contributed:

"Workmen's tickets at half fare are not issued to children."⁶

"Ocean-going vessels," the P.M.G. might reply, "are not accepted as postal packets." But even then you feel he would add "except by special arrangement."

It is hard to imagine the railways adopting the P.M.G.'s attitude to life. Take, for instance, his mellifluous chapter, "Carriage of Private Parcels by officers of the Post Office."

"Mail contract drivers and postmen in rural districts are allowed to carry light packets of medicine sent from a doctor or a chemist to a patient. In special cases permission is also given to mail contract drivers and postmen to carry parcels of newly published newspapers addressed from the publishing office of the newspaper in question to a newsagent, whether such parcels be above or below the parcel post limit of weight.

The senders must make their own terms as regards the payment of officers who undertake private services on their behalf."

How would the following paragraph look in the "Conditions upon which"?

PRIVATE TRAINS RUN BY THE EXECUTIVE'S SERVANTS.

The Executive's Stationmasters and Guards in rural areas will, at the request of an intending passenger, run a private train to any other station, whether such train be of more or fewer coaches than a scheduled train. No charge is made by the Executive for this service, and passengers are required to make their own terms with the Executive's Stationmasters and Guards. (This service is not available between halts, or between certain stations in Gloucestershire.)"

No, it doesn't ring true.

If the P.M.G. has a fault it is in taking too much on himself; and in his zeal to gather to himself all prerogatives he has, I believe, made church bells illegal.

"The P.M.G. possesses . . . the exclusive right of transmitting telegrams. The term telegram means any message or

other communication transmitted by telegraph, and the term telegraph means a wire or wires, whether worked by electricity or not . . . Thus the term telegram . . . would even extend to signals conveyed according to a preconcerted code by means of bells, although such wires were pulled by hand."

Church bells convey, by a preconcerted code, the information that Divine Service is about to begin. They are not covered in any of the exceptions allowed by the P.M.G.

(*This concludes a series of three articles. The first went astray in the post. The second was handed in at a railway station, but the Executive did not deem fit. The third, whether the P.M.G. likes it or not, was delivered by common carrier.*)

ON THE STARS' BEING BEHIND THE TIMES

THE stars look calmly down, and do not know
Whether or not the world has much to teach 'em;
They only see what happened long ago,
Because the light takes such a time to reach 'em.

The stars, though sympathetic, do not grieve
At all the myriad troubles that affright us,
Since all the history that they perceive
Took place, at latest, in the reign of Titus.

They speculate about the present day,
And wonder placidly how things are going;
And then they twinkle in a pleasant way.
They know they are much better off not knowing.

R. P. LISTER



"Ob yes, and another thing—awkward to handle."

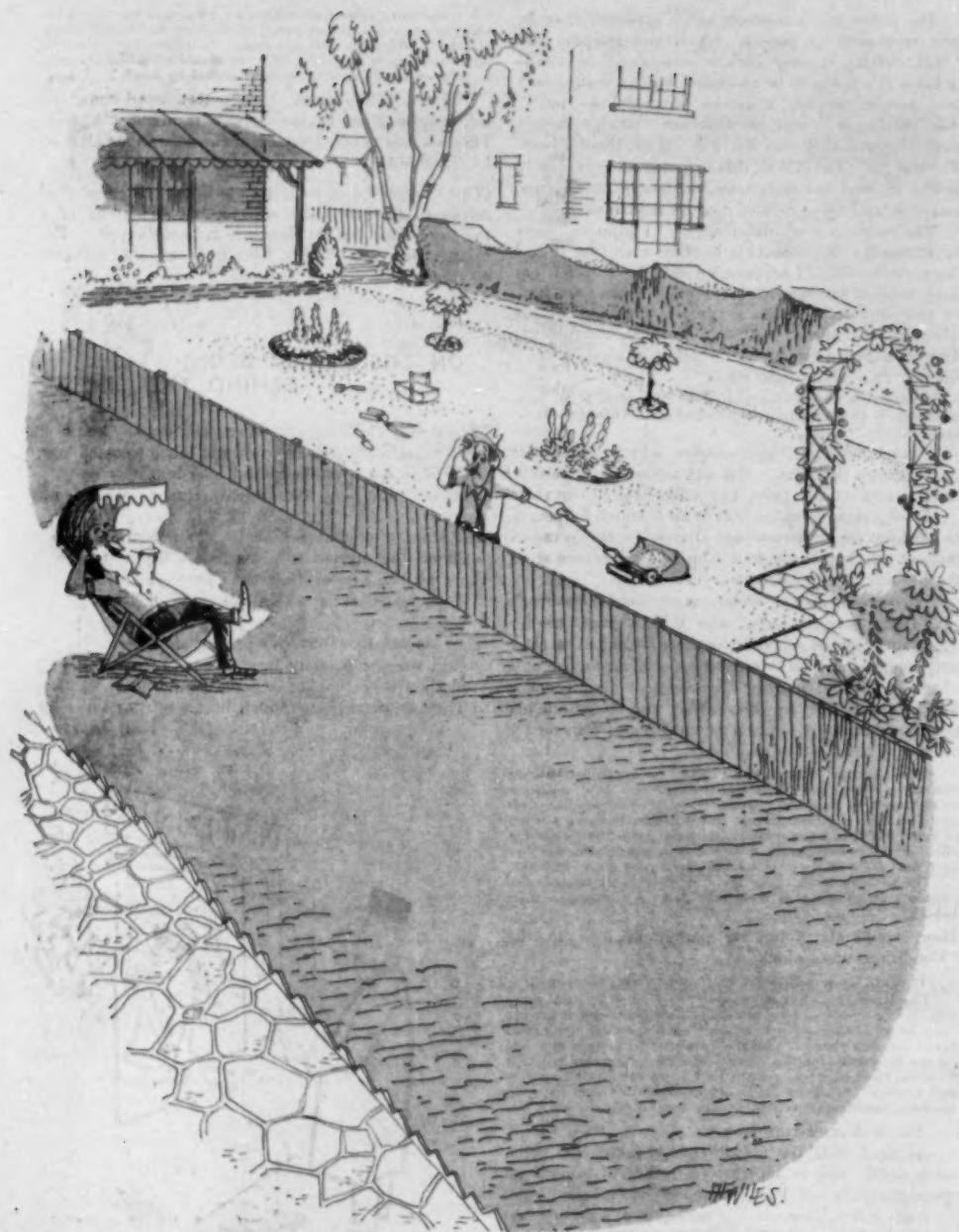
⁴ P.O. Guide, p. 53

⁵ Conditions upon which, p. 13

⁶ Ibid., p. 5

⁷ P.O. Guide, p. 27

⁸ Ibid., p. 24



"I've discovered a wonderful new weed killer. It kills everything."

POLLING STATION

THE Special put his head round the door and the polling officer, tea-pot in hand, looked at him with admiration. "How do you do it?" she said. "Instinct?"

He said "Heard the cups." He came into the hall, took off his peaked cap and massaged the crease in his forehead gingerly. The assistant, without taking her eyes off her knitting, said "Crowds under control?" He nodded. "Both gone," he said. "The ginger-haired one and his sister. The mother called them." He lowered his weight carefully on to the end of the trestle table. "Mind you," he said, "it's not always as quiet as this here. I remember one Council election I had to help an old lady up the hill with a pram-load of coke. And last Parliamentary we had a cat come in." He lifted one foot and revolved it cautiously, as if he expected it to come off at the ankle. "Didn't stay long, of course. But it made a change. Thank you." He took the mug of tea, sipped and revolved the other foot. "Mind you——" he said, and broke off.

The polling officer put her cup down in the saucer with a startled clink. The assistant stopped knitting. The Special, still holding the mug, got his weight on to his feet. All three heads turned to the door. The footsteps were on the far side. They had a purposeful but slightly stealthy air that suggested a Council voter. They hesitated for a moment as though about to cross the street.

The polling officer pushed her cup aside and reached for the pad of ballot papers. The assistant twitted the jumper sleeve clear of the register. The Special tip-toed across to the cupboard, put his mug on top, replaced his cap and moved with increasing majesty towards the door. Then he stopped and listened. Nothing stirred; he said "False alarm." He put up a hand to push his cap off his forehead, but thought better of it and went out.

The assistant began to count stitches, but stopped, marking the position with her thumb-nail, as the

Special reappeared. He shook his head, grimaced slightly, took off his cap and shook his head again. "No one," he said. The assistant said "There was someone." The Special sighed. "Must have gone into one of the houses. People live here." The polling officer said "Well, that's something. Better finish your tea."

The assistant said "... forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one," under her breath. The polling officer took out a cigarette, looked at it gloomily from several angles and put it back in the case. The coke crackled sulkily in the ancient iron stove. The sepia groups of long-since adult members of the Boys' Brigade stared rigidly ahead from the walls.

The Special said "Shop!" and put on his cap. This time the footsteps came straight in. She was a prim, friendly, grey-haired woman with a shopping bag. The polling officer watched her with growing hostility as she marched up to the table. The assistant, putting her head on one side and smiling up at her in a taking, intelligent way, said "Address, please?"

She said "Well, I live at Bulborne actually, but——"

"I'm afraid you don't vote here," said the assistant, putting a world of pretty regret into it.

"No, no," said the woman. "I know. I'm one of the candidates." Her smile was less friendly. The assistant rolled and unrolled the jumper sleeve and said "Oh, I'm sorry," but the candidate said "How's the polling?" briskly to the polling officer.

The polling officer said "There's not much." They stared at each other. Their glances clashed almost audibly. "No?" said the candidate. "Well, I must have a look at the other stations." She smiled pleasantly at the assistant and the Special and marched out.

The assistant said "Oh dear, I never thought——" The polling officer said "Ruddy Tory." The Special said "What—Miss Markham? She's an Independent. Proper



old busybody she is, too." The polling officer said "Ach. She's there to represent the interests of the propertied classes." Suddenly and alarmingly she spoke pure Glasgow. The Special, wagging his boots on the end of the table, looked over his shoulder at her in panic. "I can smell 'em when they come in," she said. "Have some more tea."

He passed her his mug doubtfully, as if she might put poison in it. The polling officer smiled at him roguishly. She said "Ach" so suddenly that he jumped. "Ach," she said, "you don't want to take me too seriously. Where's your sugar, Miss Hanley? Mine's finished."

The assistant put down her knitting and reached under the table for a large zipper bag. Unable to find what she wanted, she began to cover the register systematically with things from her bag. She took out two balls of wool, a packet of chocolate, two thrillers, a small bottle of milk and assorted packets of food. "Got it," she said, but her hand caught the edge of the table. Both women dived for the scattered lumps of sugar, and the Special, leaving his cap on the table, came in from the front on his hands and knees.

The voter was a small, jocular, aggressive man, who said "Open for business!" in a rasping voice. He stood gloating as the two heads bobbed up, but drew back as the Special ran out from under the table feet first. The assistant said "What address, please?" and began to move

her possessions wildly across the board as though they were pieces in some high-speed, solo variant of chess. He said "Twelve Bladon Crescent" almost absent-mindedly, as the Special, turning on a sixpence, clutched the edge of the table and came slowly to his feet. "Bladon Crescent," said the assistant. She moved the milk-bottle and flicked over the pages of the register. "Twelve," she said, "Johnson, Albert E.?"

The voter said "Sright. And Mrs." He jerked his thumb at his wife, who, though several inches bigger in every direction, had nevertheless, by some psychological trick, hitherto remained completely hidden behind him. The assistant said "Oh," and looked at the register again. "Johnson, Mrs. Maud Annie?"—"Sright," said the voter. "Do her first."

Maud Annie took her paper to the booth, returned coyly and dropped it in the box. "Right," said the voter, retiring to the booth in his turn. Maud Annie teetered hesitantly near the door. The assistant began to put her things back one by one under the table. The Special, now capped and fully erect, prowled hotly to and fro. The polling officer put the collected sugar-cubes in a bag. Only Mr. Johnson was motionless and, apparently, undecided. Then he popped his head round the corner of the booth and said "Hey!"

In the first breathless moment only Maud Annie moved. The polling officer opened her mouth but said nothing. The assistant, clutching a grease-proof packet, looked at the polling officer. Then the Special rolled across and, beating Maud Annie by a short yard, interposed his uniform between the voter and his wife. Still no one said anything. Then the voter, raising his eyes slowly from the chromium button in front of his nose, said "What's this?"

The Special said "Can't do that."

"Can't do what?"

"Speak to your wife."

"Can't speak to my wife? Why?"

The Special pointed to the empty

booth and the voting paper in the voter's hand. "Not now you've got your paper," he said. "You must vote first."

"Why?" said the voter.

The Special clucked. The polling officer said "Secrecy of the poll."

The voter said "Secrecy nothing. She knows how I vote. I only want to ask her something."

"You can't," said the Special, running his eye rapidly down the notice about Election Offences behind the voter's back. "That's correct," said the polling officer. "When you've taken your paper you must mark it and bring it straight back."

"Why?" said the voter.

"Undue Influence," said the Special.

The voter made a harsh noise at the back of his nose. "What do you mean," he said, "influence? It's me voting, not her."

The assistant said "Perhaps —" but caught the polling officer's eye and put her packet quickly under the table. For a moment the voter stared up under the brim of the Special's cap and the Special stared down at the voter. Then the voter went back into the booth as suddenly as he had left it. "Sall right," he said. "I've remembered." He squeezed the paper impatiently into the box, snorted again and stamped out into the street. Maud Annie, disengaging herself apologetically from behind the Special's back, followed him.

The polling officer said "That's quite correct."

"Oh yes," said the Special. "Can't do that."

The assistant looked from one to the other in the silence. Then she brightened visibly. "What about the tea?" she said.

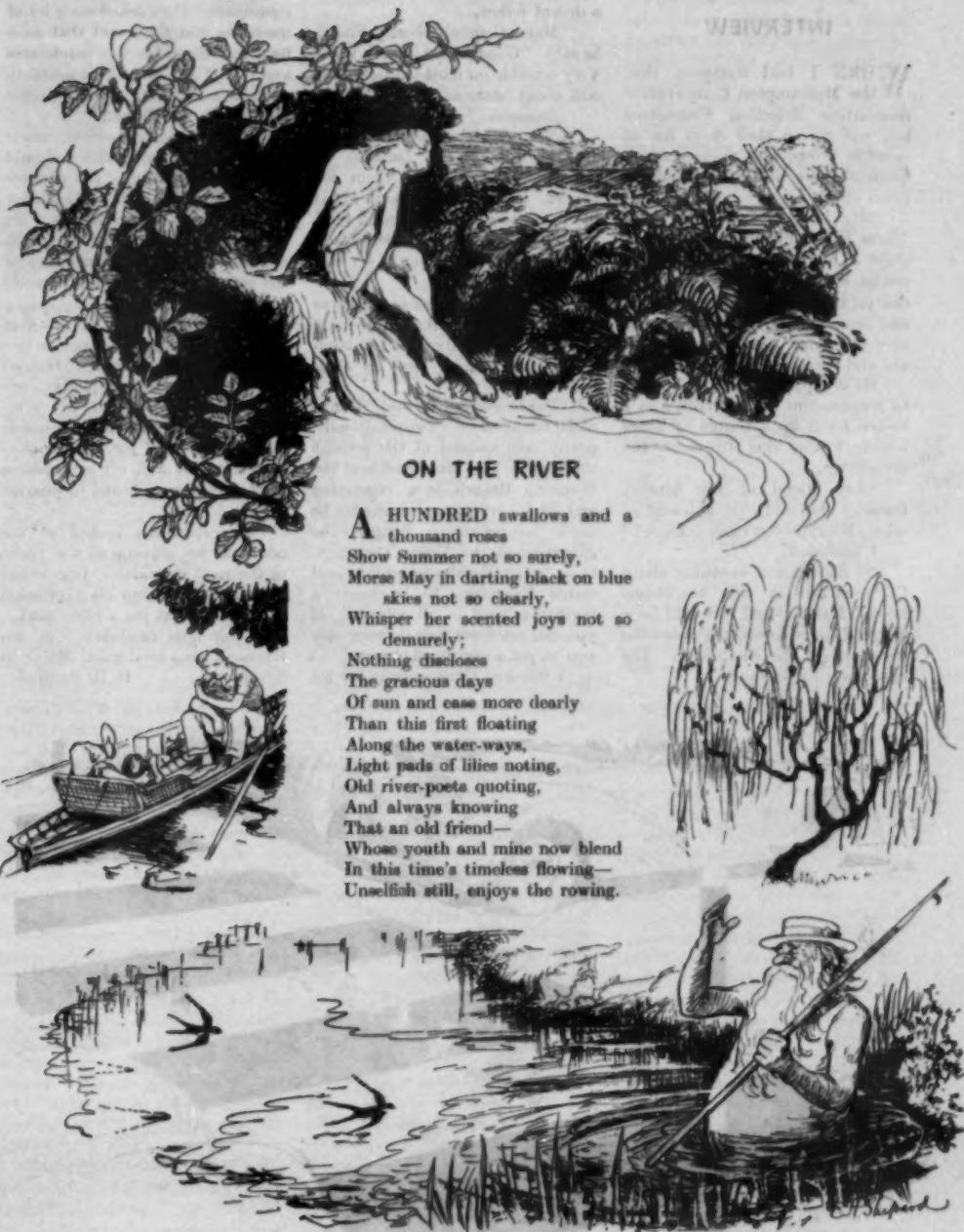
P. M. HUBBARD

S S

Funny Peculiar

"It was all very realistic, with the sound of gunfire, aircraft, bombs, siren, crying babies and a barking dog. To add a little touch of comedy to the proceedings a young man was seen running round asking if anybody had seen his missing wife."—*Camberley News and Bagshot Observer*





ON THE RIVER

A HUNDRED swallows and a thousand roses
Show Summer not so surely,
Morse May in darting black on blue
skies not so clearly,
Whisper her scented joys not so demurely;
Nothing discloses
The gracious days
Of sun and ease more dearly
Than this first floating
Along the water-ways,
Light pads of lilies noting,
Old river-poets quoting,
And always knowing
That an old friend—
Whose youth and mine now blend
In this time's timeless flowing—
Unselfish still, enjoys the rowing.

INTERVIEW

WHEN I told Sympon that the Mulihampton Conservative Association Selection Committee had put me on their short list of possible prospective parliamentary candidates he said that it was a small world.

"My brother Cyril," he said, "lives in Mulihampton, and he is quite a big noise in Conservative circles, or used to be. You ought to call on him before your interview, and have a chat. He'll probably give you a few tips about what to say and what not to say."

He dropped a line to his brother to prepare him for my visit, and I looked Cyril up a couple of hours before I was due to meet the committee.

"Any friend of my brother Oscar's," he said, "is a friend of mine. What do you want to know?"

I hesitated.

"I don't know anything about Conservatism in this neighbourhood," I said, "and it would be a help if I knew something about the personnel of the committee. The chairman, for instance . . ."

Cyril said that the chairman was a decent fellow.

"Major-General Hooley-Fink," he said. "Good record in both wars. Very sensible on most subjects, but odd about bananas."

"Bananas?"

"Yes. He has a scheme for growing millions of bananas in Jubaland and canning them for export. It's the great dream of his life to interest the party in his idea. If you can put in an enthusiastic word about bananas you'll get him on your side."

It was just the sort of tip I was looking for, and I asked him if any of the other members of the committee had similar bees in their bonnets.

"The treasurer," he said, "thinks there ought to be a twopenny-halfpenny coin instead of the present threepenny bit. Mrs. Muckle of the Women's Branch is a vegetarian and thinks vegetarianism should be made compulsory. Tupper, the chairman of the Young Conservatives, is an Esperanto addict, and wants Esperanto to be made a regular subject in all schools. If you can get those four on your side you've got a very good chance."

I thanked Cyril warmly for his

help, and then went off to meet the committee. They asked me a lot of questions and then said that as a final test the other two candidates and myself would each be asked to make a ten-minute speech on the platform in the big hall.

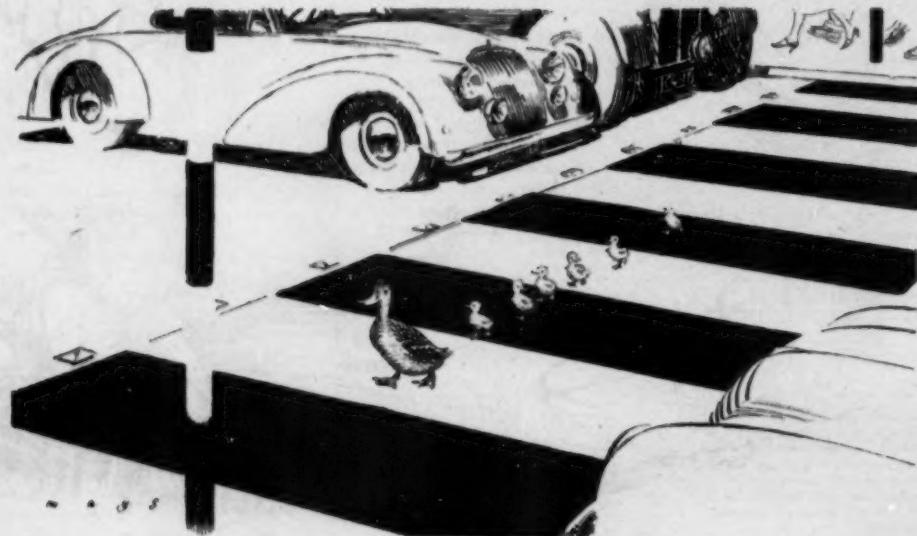
The first speaker certainly made an excellent speech, and I should have been doubtful of my chances against him if it had not been for the tips Cyril had given me. By incorporating phrases in my speech to please the four key-members of the committee I felt that I should swing the balance.

My speech did not go down at all badly on the whole, but in one way it was disappointing. Instead of earning wild applause my advocacy of Esperanto, my sympathy with vegetarianism, my insistence on the need for a twopenny-halfpenny bit and my enthusiasm for bananas were heard in puzzled silence.

The chairman looked at me oddly as he announced the name of the next candidate. One would have imagined from his expression that he thought me a little mad.

"Our final candidate," he announced, "is a local man. Mr. Cyril Sympon."

D. H. BARBER





TELEVISION must take pride of place in the first of these reports from the United States. Its shadow has already darkened hundreds of film theaters—in a single week last year thirteen in Chicago closed their doors—and it is eating away at the book business, radio, sports attendances, and at other advertising media. Its full impact on a political campaign will be measured this year, but it has already produced some hilarious and unintended results for politicians—in the lesser elections last fall. Then, for the first time, candidates were seen as the palsied, lump-swallowing, halting lot of script-readers that most of them are. The bold, straightforward gaze, the assured declaration of high purpose were punctuated all too often by the need to turn a page or take a furtive yet frantic peep at the next cue buried in the text. A goodly number of those who had memorized their appeals were so letter-perfect, and so obviously bent on remaining so, that they sounded like a schoolboy tramping his way through *The Wreck of the Hesperus*. Shouting the other man down was a potent technique in sound-radio "discussions," and there was no dependable way of preventing it; but it backfires on TV when the other man is seen to be sitting there, laughing heartily at the bombast of his opponent.

In programs other than political, television is suffering from what might be called wagon-train trouble. Its high-priced evening hours are more pretentiously filled, but

afternoon TV programs are often old films—very old. The duel between TV and Hollywood will be worth further mention in this correspondence, and it is Hollywood's reluctance to allow TV the use of its better products that keeps TV, thus far, on a diet of unbelievably threadbare westerns—serials of World War I vintage. Connoisseurs will recall that all these films depended on a wagon train as their main theme, and that this wagon train inevitably fell into a disagreement with itself as to whether to push on through The Canyon or over The Pass. Any stage of the argument was enough to munition a whole episode of the serial; and always, in and out of the action, flitted the pesky redskins.

It is no exaggeration to say that these films were regarded as mere

filler material back in the days of their creation. But even in 1952 the wagoners still ignore the old

safety-in-numbers and divided-we-fall principle, and TV is ramming it home at least five afternoons every week.

The deadliest insult that anyone can offer an actor nowadays is to say that he belongs in daytime TV.

* * * * *

The most highly paid Americans today are in the field of entertainment, where the velocity of the updraft is probably unique. In New York, for instance, are two comedians, Bob and Ray, who were employed in Boston only nine months ago, each at a wage of one hundred dollars a week. They were disk jockeys, i.e. they played records, made commercial announcements, and provided extremely funny small talk for a local radio station. Their discovery by a national network, and eventually by a commercial sponsor, brought them radio and TV engagements in New York, which currently enable them to divide six thousand dollars a week. Most of it goes for taxes. The comedians are newcomers, who have not

yet generated enough out-and-out power, as an instrument for selling goods to the American public, to qualify them for a "capital gains" arrangement.

By way of contrast, a veteran entertainer, who had demonstrated his advertising effectiveness over the years, achieved a thoroughly useful capital gains arrangement—a model of how to devise a 25 per cent tax limit on an income of a million or more. It works, briefly, as follows. A wealthy business man reorganizes a small company which owns a distinctive method of producing a concentrate of quick-frozen fruit juice. A parvenu in the national scene, the company begins at zero in point of goodwill, prestige, and the value of its trademark. At this stage the shares have no value based on earnings and are priced only according to the initial investment, less expenses.

The company engages a celebrated radio comedian, and embarks on a massive advertising program over a national network. The comedian is allowed to buy, at its original book-value of about 10 cents a share, a large interest in the company; also, if he happens to own a corporation that can be given a valuable distributing concession, so much the better.

The comedian goes to work. So eager are the consumers of quick-frozen fruit juice to respond to his quips and songs that the company prospers overnight. The comedian's shares three years later are worth sixty times what he paid for them. Liable only for a 25 per cent tax on his profits were he to sell, the comedian regards himself, reasonably enough, as a rather long-headed investor, and so does the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

All manner of other comedians, cartoonists, vocalists, writers and, yes, even business men, have made companies out of themselves and nothing else, and are now living in a kind of well-to-do peonage to their corporate form. The brave days when a taxpayer could incorporate his ocean-going yacht and write off





"Upstart!"

"Reactionary!"

delightful income losses for its highly unprofitable upkeep are doubtless gone for the present, but he can still find enjoyment and tax-relief in a racing stable or a country place, provided he keeps on the latter enough pure-bred cattle, or chin-chillas, or ostriches to qualify it as a business establishment. One is struck by the quality of landscaping, conservatories, stabling, and sports cars needed today on a really up-to-date mink ranch.

The genuine farmers enjoy a complex and highly favorable tax position, as well as government subsidies of all kinds, and very high prices for the whole list of agricultural products. At the bottom of the Depression, corn sold for 5 cents a bushel at loading points in the Middle West, and throughout the '20s the farmer with a cash turnover of \$5,000 a year was thought to be doing very well indeed; today the same man performing the same operations is disappointed if he fails to reckon his revenue in six figures, and the Florida roads during

the winter season are crowded with his Cadillacs.

* * * * *

If rewards are pretty high in America (for some), so are prices (for all). Ten years ago a porter at a metropolitan railway terminal was tipped according to the judgment of the traveler; nowadays he produces a formal receipt-stub for each item of luggage and the transfer of each from taxi to train yields him 25 cents—eight small bags, two dollars. (Call the dollar seven shillings, for easy reckoning in your money.) A "cook-general"—not that they exist in any numbers—is paid anywhere from \$35 to \$60 a week; babysitters are a dollar an hour; restaurant prices are prodigious. A motel in western Nebraska offers the wayfarer a steak dinner for a mere five-dollar bill. A bacon-and-eggs, fruit-juice, toast-and-coffee breakfast, served in one's room in a good New York hotel, works out at upwards of three dollars. The tobacconist in the lobby of a middle-price commercial hotel in Chicago displays mechanical

singing birds, which emerge from an ornate little box, flutter their iridescent metal wings and trill, then pop back into the box—a standard item for the tourist trade in northern Italy and Switzerland. The price, to a casual buyer in the hotel lobby: \$125.

An impressive number of Americans are seen eagerly paying today's prices. It is safe to assume that those of them who are not farmers or capital gains people are the beneficiaries of an expense account. It is the man with an expense account who spends and tips so grandly in the really high-priced metropolitan eating places and night clubs. The aroma of his Havanas drifts through the corridors of the extra-fare transcontinental trains, and his is the reservation for the private dining room of an evening on these same trains, and his the big suite—and very likely the mechanical singing bird—when he gets wherever he is going. He is the basic customer of the ticket speculators, and any price asked for the best seats at the newest hit will go on his hotel bill. (In theater circles a couple of years ago it was estimated that, while the proprietors of "South Pacific" were making their first million, the ticket brokers had netted a cool five million.) It is the man with the expense account who enjoys the unblended Scotch, the foie gras (pronounced "frogwah") of Strasbourg.

Few if any of these delights could be afforded by the man with an expense account if he were forced to pay for them out of his own salary, however large. Most companies, in consequence, have come to indulge their executives in high-life as one of the terms of employment. Some go much further and provide life insurance, deferred annuities, housing, automobiles, medical care, club memberships, and, on occasion, even chauffeurs and household servants. The theory is that if company A won't do it for him, the executive will go to company B, which will. How this philosophy would fare if business were to move into a downward spiral remains to be seen. CHARLES W. MORTON

ON "INFINITE VARIETY"

THE claim of Man (or Woman) to be "various" Is, I should say, invalid or precarious. We differ, true, in beauty, brawn, and brain; Some live in Surbiton and some in Spain. Some have a mansion, some reside in mews: Some read the *Standard*, some the *Evening News*. One man is "vermin", one is your big brother: Some eat no meat, and some devour each other. But these are slim foundations for the claim: The fact is, men are very much the same. Set all mankind to queue for one big bus, And the effect would be monotonous.

But if you saw, emerging from a fog, The many beasts that bear the name of dog. Dog after dog, of every shape and size, Each one with loud and private kinds of cries, Smooth dogs and shaggy dogs, big tails and small, And some queer creatures with no tail at all; Great Dane and spaniel, terrier and hound, The dachshund with his stomach on the ground; The huge Alsatian with sadistic snarls, The snuffling Pekinese, the soft King Charles; The graceful poodle and the shapeless pug— One like a rissole, the other like a rug— St. Bernards, bringing succour to the sick, And bloodhounds with another kind of trick: Would you remark, sir, as you turned to flee, "It is but one big family I see"! If you had not beheld a dog before, You'd think, I fancy, "There must be three-score" (That is about the true, official figure, Though careless mating must have made it bigger). Then turn to Fish. How various the tribes That simple word unworthily describes!

Suppose that, deep in some secluded sound, A Parliament of All the Fish were found, What diver's eye, what mortal brain could bear

The mad complexities assembled there, Fantastic shapes, and colours hardly known To feeble painters in the Temperate Zone, Fish like balloons, and fish like golfing-greens, Fish like Prime Ministers and fish like beans? What Whip, what Party, could at once enrol The lobster and the salmon and the sole? What common point or purpose can we trace Between the whelk, the tunny and the plaice? Who would be Speaker? The appalling shark? Maybe the dogfish with his angry bark. At all events, I eagerly affirm

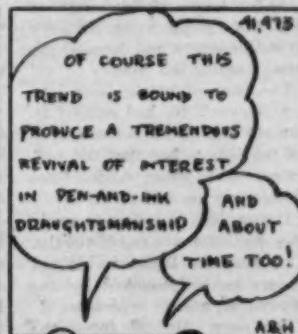
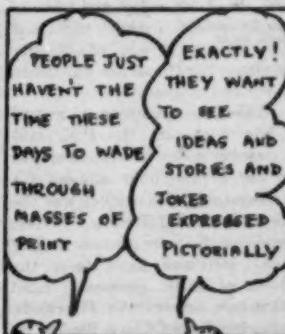
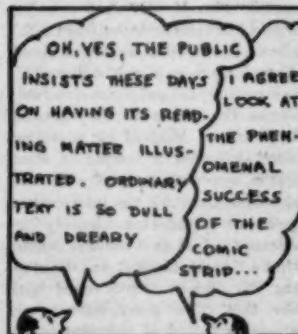
That "fish" is far from a sufficient term (Well, try the Encyclopaedia, if you wish, Which talks of "20,000 kinds of fish").

The more you look at Nature—though, of course, There is a certain sameness in the Horse— The more you study this delightful riddle, The more Man seems to be a one-stringed fiddle.

The eagle and the tit—it seems absurd— Are both entitled to the name of bird. What man would muster in a single row The sweet canary and the rauous crow; Or bring together, on the vocal scale, The cock, the turkey, and the nightingale? Before you claim "variety" for Man Compare the sparrow and the pelican. But there, the point, I take it, now is plain; And, if it's not, I can't begin again.

A. P. H.

BALLOONERY





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, May 5

Mr. CHURCHILL made a slow and impressive entrance into the House of Commons today, and for some time the furniture obscured him from the view of most Members. But the audible stir of interest in the Strangers' Galleries served as a sort of fanfare, and by the time he reached his seat every Member was gazing at him.

Having made this dramatic arrival, the P.M. sat silent, gently surveying the Opposition benches. Question-time proceeded uneventfully, and then the highly-explosive subject of passenger fares was mentioned once more.

Ingenious Opposition Members tried to get Mr. CHURCHILL into the fray, on the ground that he had, in effect, become Minister of Transport in addition to his many other duties. Mr. C. merely smiled tolerantly. The demands for a personal reply from him grew more clamant. Mr. C. smiled even more tolerantly. So it seemed that for once, despite his portentous entry, he preferred *not* to be in the battle. But, as many an opponent has found in the past, it is as well not to presume anything where Mr. C. is concerned.

It was Mr. SHINWELL who made the mistake this time. There was talk of the proposed appointment of a United States Admiral to command the N.A.T.O. forces in the Mediterranean area, and Mr. S. made a few comments implying that Mr. C. was giving away Britain's case on this matter and (he used the phrase) "selling the pass."

The glint of battle came into Mr. C.'s eyes. He had refused to make any statement on the issue—then *sub judice*—but that did not, he soon made clear, confer total immunity on his critics.

Fixing Mr. S. with a steely glance, he said slowly and distinctly: "I am sure the House would not wish me to be provoked by the taunts of an uneasy conscience!"

For once, Mr. S. (presumed

owner of the conscience) sat silent—while the Government side roared its approval of a direct hit. The smile on the face of Mr. C. broadened just a shade.

The debate was on the Government's plans to give £s. a week Family Allowances, in place of the present 5s., and to make various increases in National Insurance benefits. These are intended to set-off, where it is most needed, the increases in living costs resulting from the Budget. And, appropriately, a good deal of the week is to be spent in talking about the details of the Budget.

To-day's Bill went through,

Lord MARGESSON and Lord SALISBURY, to hear his Chief's explanation of the Cabinet set-up.

This was simply that it was found convenient, in the present complex state of Government machinery, to have certain Ministers to ensure that the various Departments worked together closely and harmoniously. These Ministers were fully responsible to the Cabinet and to Parliament—and so were the Ministers they co-ordinated. The only difference, in fact, between this arrangement and the arrangements of every other Government of recent times was that the functions of the Overlords had been stated publicly, and not kept to the secrecy of "official circles."

Mr. ATTLEE put a point which seemed to imply that, had the arrangement *been* kept quiet, all would have been well, and this brought the inevitable retort from Mr. C. that the gravamen of the charge against him seemed to be that he had not been "hush-hush" enough. By this time he was clearly enjoying the battle, and the swish of his broadsword was almost deafening as it whirled around. Mr. HERBERT MORISON made the mildest of interjections and was told crisply that he was the last person entitled to complain about co-ordination, in view of his own "all-pervading" activities in the late Government. The whole thing then developed into a bellowing-match, with Mr. C. often standing with wide-flung arms waiting for the silence that seemed so long delayed. At such times he merely adjusted his new hearing-aid and grinned amiably across the Table at the shouting Opposition. Most of his sentences were delivered a couple of stentorian words at a time, with considerable intervals for interjections more or less (some considerably *less*) relevant. Just as it seemed certain that a "rough House" was developing, Mr. Speaker intervened with the tact of a good referee and announced that if the Opposition



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Alexander
(Minister of Defence)

eventually, with general approval and without a vote.

Tuesday, May 6

Mr. CHURCHILL did not even look as if he intended to be silent as he walked in to-day, and his chin jutted with that sort of friendly truculence the House has learned to know—and respect.

When the questions addressed to him were put, the P.M. said he would make a statement at the end of the hour allowed for interrogation. His subject was the co-ordinating Ministers (or "Overlords" as they are usually called) whose activities have been the subject of much comment. Lord LEATHERS, one of the Overlords, was in the Peers Gallery, flanked by



"From your plans, I had expected something rather more bonyly."

wanted to go into detail it had better arrange a full-dress debate—later.

Their Lordships were having one of their own decorous and dignified "rough houses" on precisely the same issue. Lord STANSGATE appeared to have decided that the appointment of Co-ordinating Ministers doomed the Constitution, if not the entire Universe. With a shrewd sense of "public relations" the Government might, in some instances, do well to copy, he had been plying the Government—and delighting the press—with awkward queries for days.

Lord SALISBURY made a statement similar to that made by the P.M. in the Commons, and Lord STANSGATE promptly asked whether the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a member of the Board of Trade, shared full Ministerial responsibility with the Cabinet. Lord SALISBURY retorted that nobody in his senses ("except the noble Lord," he added politely) could regard the Archbishop as a responsible member of the Government, and added that

he and other noble Lords were making a mountain out of a molehill.

Lord LEATHERS and Lord WOOLTON, chief of the Overlords, did not register overwhelming pleasure at this apparent description of themselves, but they managed to co-ordinate a smile and the matter dropped.

Cricket and football were the main subjects for debate in the Commons—on the Finance Bill proposal to increase entertainment tax on those amusements. The click of the bat on the ball and the roar of the crowd as the goal was kicked could almost be heard as impassioned pleas were made for a cut in the tax, in the interest of Sport.

Amid a good deal of shocked *tut-tutting* Sir WILLIAM DARLING and Mr. CYRIL OSBORNE made a gallant last-wicket stand for the National Solvency team, declaring roundly that it was more important to have the nation solvent than to go to a cricket match cheaply. And they seemed a bit shaken when the

umpire, Mr. R. A. BUTLER himself, went (partially) over to the other team and announced that there would be a few small concessions. He was prepared to defer the date on which the increase in duty comes into effect from August 31 to September 13, so that cricket would be spared for the whole of this season. Moreover he would collect more evidence about cricket and football gates before the Report stage was reached.

Wednesday, May 7

The House quickly and decisively disposed of a motion of censure on

House of Commons: No Censure for moved by Mr. Speaker

SYDNEY SILVERMAN and a few other Labour Members. The charge was that Mr. Speaker had accepted a closure motion without waiting for a Labour Member to complete his speech. It was speedily shown that this was completely in accordance with long practice and that no blame attached to Mr. Speaker. So the motion was rejected out of hand.

AT THE PLAY

As You Like It (STRATFORD-ON-AVON)*The Mortimer Touch* (DUKE OF YORK'S)

NOW in Arden comes as a shock, though not unpleasantly when it is the foil for MOTLEY's Louis Quatorze dresses. The worst part of snow, however, is the way it hangs about, and at Stratford the fore-stage remains covered, all through Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW's production of *As You Like It*, with an undulating white confection that makes the actors foot-conscious and looks odd against the Duke's court and the eacti of a tropical forest. But this forest is a fine shadowy place for lovers, and romance triumphantly survives the constant suggestion of a deep-freeze. *Rosalind* and *Orlando* make us glad they are in love, which they by no means always do. Physically Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON's *Rosalind* is boyish from the start; disguised she becomes a tomboy, but one of such innate gaiety and charm that she wins us as completely as she does *Orlando*. Mr. LAURENCE HARVEY plays him admirably as a sturdy but slightly gauche young man with very good manners.

This production, the best we have so far seen at Stratford this year, quickly seizes our attention with a really bone-shaking wrestling

match. Mr. ALAN TOWNSEND's *Charles* is a monster of muscle and evil such as would have brought hysteria to the Lyceum gallery. Vigour and lightness are the qualities most to Mr. BYAM SHAW's credit; on the debit side is uncertainty with the verse. Mr. MICHAEL HORDERN's *Jaques* is nearly all it should be, lacking only the inspiration of authentic eccentricity; Mr. MICHAEL BATES' *Touchstone* begins rather mechanically, but improves. Of the lesser parts Miss JILL SHOWELL's wenchy *Audrey* and Mr. ALEXANDER DAVION's *Silvius* stand out. One small weakness which could easily be put right is that the curtain illustrating pond life lets through the light from the stage behind it, which is disconcerting for us as well as for the decorative ducks.

The Mortimer Touch, which we saw two years ago at the Edinburgh Festival as "The Atom Doctor," is a farce based by Mr. ERIC LINKLATER on Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist," the parallels being very close. Again a glib rogue moves in to another man's house in order to cheat the town, but this time the scene is modern Edinburgh and the rogue a quack doctor dispensing coloured

*(The Mortimer Touch)*

Professor Mortimer—

MR. ROGER LIVESLEY

water with the assistance of his up-to-date Face and Dol Common, and after bigger game on his own account in the person of a Scottish duke (Sir Epicure Mammon), anxious to transmute the lead on his castle roof into tax-free gold. A trolley of laboratory oddments, given authority by a vacuum-cleaner, and a hypnotizing flow of atomic jargon are the doctor's main weapons. Starting bravely, the farce grows very wild, but its situations are amusing and the dialogue is much richer than that in which such romps are normally conducted. It is a pity, therefore, that the new cast should make less of it than was made at Edinburgh. The only change that brings improvement (bettering an already good performance) is the introduction of Mr. GEORGE RELPH, whose innocently greedy *Duke* is a superb piece of comedy. Mr. ROGER LIVESLEY is too grand and too slow as the *Doctor*, who should be both shabbier and sharper, and Miss PAMELA BROWN's quick-change acts have skill but little gusto.

Recommended

Under the Sycamore Tree (Aldwyck) in which Alec Guinness brilliantly demonstrates his versatility. *Winter Journey* (St. James's), better theatre than story, well acted. *Relative Values* (Savoy), an amusing Coward comedy, put over expertly. ERIC KROWN



Orlando—MR. LAURENCE HARVEY

Jaques—MR. MICHAEL HORDERN

Rosalind—MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON

AT THE PICTURES

La Marie du Port
High Noon



S

OME of the more footloose critics wrote about *La Marie du Port* (Director: MARCEL CARNÉ) when it was shown at the Cannes Festival more than two years ago. The usual tone of the references to it has been kind but—because of the high standard set by the director's reputation—not particularly enthusiastic; and after the first London showing one can agree that this is not one of the top-flight Carné films. It is the story by GEORGES SIMENON that was published over here as *Chit of a Girl*, and though it has little depth or "significance" it makes a very pleasing and enjoyable film, full of character, pictorially sparkling and remarkably gay in mood. The scene, a typical Simenon fishing port in Normandy, provides some delightful pictures: the auction of the boat on the sunlit quay, the smaller-scale (again, sunlit) scene of the men working on the boat, are sights that stand out in my memory, though the whole fabric of the film is made up of things that are a treat for the eye. As Chatelard, the solid (but still dashing) middle-aged man who runs a Cherbourg brasserie and cinema, JEAN GABIN has a part in which one might think he could almost relax: no brooding grimness,

but a worldly, humorous air of authority that comes easily to an experienced actor with such a build and presence. Marie, the "chit of a girl," the young sister of Chatelard's mistress, far more interested in him than in the ineffectual attentions of the pathetic youth who adores her, is quite impressively played by NICOLE COURTEL. It is the turn the story takes towards the end, where we leave Chatelard ready to marry her, that has something of a Hollywood flavour superficially; but even so the vigour of the characters lifts it a stage closer to reality and the interest and charm of the scene give it as it were another dimension.



(La Marie du Port)

Chatelard—JEAN GABIN



High Noon

Marshal Will Kane—GARY COOPER

An excellent Western in the tradition of *The Gunfighter* is *High Noon* (Director: FRED ZINNEMANN). Good Westerns seem to turn up with great frequency these days: it appears to be endlessly possible to produce one by a skilful and imaginative rearrangement of the old familiar ingredients, and it gets less and less possible to find a new way of saying so. It was to be expected that anything directed by Mr. ZINNEMANN (*The Search, Act of Violence, The Men*) would be worth seeing, and in this story of a little town's wait for the arrival of the noon train, which will bring a released gunman thirsting for revenge on the town's marshal who arrested him, he builds up the suspense admirably as well as keeping us pleased from moment to moment with incidental touches of character and scenic detail. This is one of those films that almost literally keep pace with the action: as the marshal (just married, for an extra complication, to a beautiful Quaker who hates violence anyway) combs the apathetic town for men

to support him, constant shots of the clock remind us that zero hour is inexorably approaching. The ending is foreseeable enough, but the suspense is there. It's not the sort of picture in which the acting calls for any mention: GARY COOPER has much his usual part as the marshal, and the other characters are subsidiary. There are some nice visual moments (that recurring glimpse of the bad man's three henchmen waiting under the station roof in the heat), and altogether it's a notably attractive example of its kind.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: the horrifying but brilliantly made picture about child criminals in Mexico, *Los Olvidados*. Continuing: *Cry, the Beloved Country* (7/5/52).

The River (7/5/52) is among the releases. Others: *So Little Time* (30/4/52), slow but strangely interesting, and *Rancho Notorious* (23/4/52). RICHARD MALLETT

ACADEMY TRENDS

WHAT's new at the Academy?" is a popular question in May, when once more the annual exhibition at Burlington House comes round, but in these days it might be more pointed to ask "What's old?" One thinks, perhaps, of a "typical" Royal Academy, replete with paintings of ceremony, "problem" pictures, history pictures, costume pieces, sentimental and domestic genre . . . among which one or two saucy "modern" works stand out in startling contrast and provide the critical quidnuncs (to use Walter Sickert's phrase) with their sensation of the year.

Yet, in fact, the typical Academy of old is no longer so. As ever, the purpose is to hand on a "central tradition," but the centre is not in quite the same place. At its own deliberate speed the Academy has moved along a contemporary channel. The official portrait, it is true, of director or don, for board room or college hall, alters little in general style. In the sculpture gallery the huge allegorical figure suggests that there is still, somewhere, a palace to house it—or makes one wonder if the palace exists. On

the other hand, consider the changes. You find that the sketch, the small, and even the slight, oil painting tend to replace the highly finished compositions of an earlier day. If one or two artists, rebellious against material conditions, boldly paint a figure twice life-size, the majority evidently have in mind the background of small house or flat. You notice more variety of treatment—and much less of subject, for a new race of academicians comes along, born long after the heyday of the subject picture, trained rather in the Euston Road than within sight of Lord Leighton's Olympus. You taste an added spice of the bright and sometimes violent colour that attracts alike the modern painter and the modern patron.

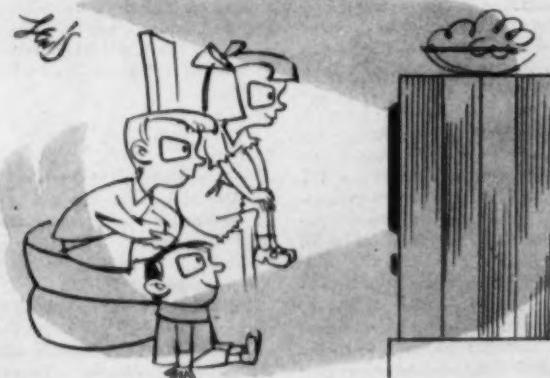
As an index, take the Chantrey Bequest. By old tradition the chosen works, to be added in due course to the national collection, usually included a subject picture conceived in the style of the 1880s. Even since the war one purchase has been Sir John Millais' party of fair cardplayers, archly entitled "Hearts are Trumps." What a difference, however, in 1952 when the President

and Council select "The Pool of London," by the French artist, André Derain. In the pre-1914 period, when Derain, a "wild man," one of the so-called Fauves, painted it, it would have seemed, with its fierce reds and blues, wildly out of place on the Academy wall; yet now, not only are we more used to its heightened key but the Academy pictures around it, by present-day British artists, are so equally full of colour that it appears quite restrained and in keeping with them.

Thus "quidnuncs," looking for novelty, will find it not so much in sensational efforts to be up-to-date as in the few works that hark back: that unique survival, Mr. Cadogan Cowper's "A jealous Husband, having disguised himself as a Priest, hears his own Wife's Confession"; that single and singular reconstruction of the problem picture, Sir Alfred Munnings' "In the Room"; that lone example of "history," Mr. John Minton's version of "The Death of Nelson" (after Macrise). In themselves, it must be admitted, they do not suggest a serious return to the past. Sir Alfred is jocular in his haunted room. What Mr. Minton adds to the work of Daniel Macrise has little to do with the Battle of Trafalgar. Yet in their way they cause one to ask the more general question whether the Academy is, in these days, academic enough.

By "academic" one does not necessarily mean a particular kind of subject; one is thinking rather of the carefully considered work that was distinctive in the past. Sketches one can find elsewhere—though one could pick out some very agreeable examples at Burlington House. What one would deplore, looking to the future, would be a uniformity of politely modern little works with little to say. The old practice of girding the loins for a special effort might well be resuscitated. Whatever else one may say of the old chaps they made a thorough job of what they did.

WILLIAM GAUNT



BOOKING OFFICE

The American Way of Life

John L. Sullivan. Nat Fleischer. *Robert Hale*, 18/-.
Schmozzola. Gene Fowler. *Hammond Hammond*, 15/-.
Ordeal by Slander. Owen Lattimore. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 13/-

AMERICA is the only foreign country that is not veiled from us by language. We can get to know it directly from its own books and films without the help of translators or travellers. It is dangerously easy to forget that it is a foreign country, in many ways more foreign to us than France. The assumption that Americans are really British causes unnecessary strains between the countries. So long as we consciously recognize the differences we can find America's foreignness attractive and approachable and we can avoid getting hysterically critical or adulatory.

Far more than the supposedly past-hugging British, Americans love and relive their history. They have an intense feeling for continuity and for place, two essentials for the historian. They are aware of the past as now, and therefore their popular histories and biographies are vital without being superficial. They illuminate the configuration by highlighting the surface. Mr. Nat Fleischer's *John L. Sullivan* is a good example.

Sullivan remained a national hero long after he had lost the heavyweight title to Corbett. He was a ham actor, a powerful drinker, an even more powerful temperance lecturer, a braggart and a character. Mr. Fleischer shows what Americans were like by showing what qualities appealed to them in a hero. They liked courage, skill, gusto, generosity and the willingness to live rowdily in public. This account of a hero's life combines erudition and raciness. Mr. Fleischer is an ace journalist as well as a learned historian of boxing. He can give a round-by-round account of a fight that is exciting even to a reader who has never raised his fists to an equal. In some ways Sullivan was an ass, but a monumental ass; his biographer gets plenty of fun out of him without reducing his stature.

Mr. Gene Fowler's biography of Mr. Jimmy Durante, *Schmozzola*, shows a later and apparently less warm-hearted America. The comedian was a poor boy who earned his living the hard way, playing the piano in Coney Island honky-tonks. He slowly worked up through Broadway night-spots to the variety stage, Hollywood and television. One expects a theatrical biography to concentrate on the performer's aims and methods, but Mr. Fowler's treatment of them is casual. He deals mainly with "being a pal," and Mr. Lou Clayton, the dancer who turned manager and pushed Mr. Durante towards the top, is the hero of the book: he sacrificed his career to his "pal." Mr. Fowler gives a vivid enough picture of the slap-dash, explosive, warm-hearted, word-murdering, eccentric comedian; but he is more interested in the generosityes and private griefs of show-people than in shows. The

continual emphasis on giving money away, mutual aid and kindness suggest that these traditional American virtues are no longer taken for granted but have become something to be preserved by a press agent. The biography is dedicated to Mr. "Toots" Shor and casts further light on the strange world revealed in the *New Yorker* "Profile" of him. Of Mr. Durante's profile we hear a little too much.

Professor Owen Lattimore is a leading American expert on Asia. His *Ordeal by Slander* is a terrifying account of Senator McCarthy's attempt to "smear" him as the top American Communist. Professor Lattimore writes straightforwardly and with honest indignation, not in purely personal vindication, but as a warning of what can happen when totalitarian methods are used with the excuse of defending freedom. It is a long way from Sullivan's tough, clean fighting to the proceedings before the Senate Committee. However, there were many strangers who came forward to support Professor Lattimore at considerable risk to themselves, and justice finally prevailed. The British reader may feel that America's politics are even more foreign than her prize-fighting or show business; but he will think at his peril that there is no possibility whatever that the Lattimore case could happen over here.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Wisdom of the Sands. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. *Hollis and Carter*, 21/-.

This record of the thoughts and adventures of an artist whose medium was Life—one to whom women washing linen in a stream observe a festival rather than perform a duty—was left by Saint-Exupéry at his



"Some passenger's using an electric razor . . ."

death in action in 1944. He was a sharp observer of the ever-imperilled empire of mind and spirit to which mankind is heir, and "no stranger to that dark night of the soul" that must sometimes engulf those who seek after truth or the pattern they hope to find in the silences and shadows behind material things. If the prose of this provoking book seems to lack flexibility, this is no fault of Stuart Gilbert's translation; here is the very stuff of Saint-Exupéry's thoughts as they might surge against speech, so strong and determined that they cannot wait upon the lure of words, but strive for expression as mankind strives—"the vain effort furthering the successful and the successful revealing the goal both are seeking." J. D.

Going My Way Round the World. Jacques Chegaray. *Barker, 15/-.*

It is always pleasant, in days when the somewhat doubtful delights of inter-planetary travel fill so many minds, to be reminded that even our own shrunken globe has interesting and out-of-the-way scenes to be visited, with, incidentally, a reasonable chance of returning from them within the duration of an average lifetime. M. Jacques Chegaray, an enterprising French journalist with an inexhaustible store of resilience and resource, describes, in *Going My Way Round the World*, a journey through the Far East and the South Seas, with glimpses of Australia and the United States thrown in. He started with a capital of ten dollars and a few cents, augmenting his resources en route by lecturing, drawing caricatures, and even peeling potatoes in ships' galleys—this latter a truly valiant expedient on the part of one allergic to sea travel; and his book abounds in shrewd commentaries on people

and events in the troublous countries of the East, as well as in the more peaceful Edens of the Pacific, revealing, incidentally, a lively and attractive personality, full of humour and resource. C. F. S.

The Finer Things of Life. Frances Gray Patton. *Gollancz, 10/-*

Most of these short stories first appeared in the *New Yorker*, but they are more leisureed, less deliberately brilliant, less glossy than its normal. Their author exercises a shrewd observation which can adroitly hit off, for instance, the antipathies of North versus South; she has also a feline playfulness with character and—generally—an idea. Many of the stories concern that family picture so dear to American readers—slightly cynical father, dressy over-anxious mother, adult-infant radio-and-telephone children; one wonders—are all American families cut to a pattern or is it just that all American writers, women writers at any rate, treat them identically? The book raises more sinister questions. Are American educationists delivered over to claptrap? Are American hospital nurses even more devastatingly bright than ours? And—worst of all—do fashionable American schoolboys *really* peroxide their hair? According to this author—yes, yes and yes. H. B.

SHORTER NOTES

Madeleine Grown Up. Mrs. Robert Henrey. *Dent, 15/-.* The author's customary Anglo-French ingredients; with a regrettable preponderance of her manicurist's life in London and a shadowy wooer who ultimately materializes as a husband. "Cures" at Pau and Mont-Dore, and discerning portraits of such solitary toilers as the writer's mother. Appreciation of the simple virtues that underpin the most complex world lends the book such distinction as it possesses.

Rocking Horse Journey. C. E. Vulliamy. *Michael Joseph, 12/6.* Collection of essays, mainly on nineteenth century, intended to illustrate aspects of the British Character. Entertaining dipping. Some amusing *trouvailles*. Thin readable.

Low's Company : Fifty Portraits. David Low. Verses by Helen Spalding and L. A. G. Strong. *Methuen, 42/-.* Beautifully reproduced chalk drawings of celebrities mostly of "the younger generation," with a handful of survivors from yesterday whose qualities entitle them to be regarded as still young." Low's unique brand of near-caricature is often brilliantly successful; the verses (on each facing page) do their very damndest to be witty, but in them the effort shows.

And Ride a Tiger. Robert Wilder. *W. H. Allen, 12/6.* A well-balanced, carefully written story about an airman with an uneasy conscience, a war widow and a prosperous though maladjusted American family. Plot and treatment are refreshingly straightforward; characters are solid and convincing. Strange that such a skilful job should be handled so lame a pay-off. Skip the last page or two and all is well.

Cobean's Naked Eye. Sam Cobean. *Hamish Hamilton, 15/-.* A collection—not very good paper, but that allows for about a third more big pages than such books often have—of funny drawings by the much-lamented *New Yorker* artist who was killed last year. A reminder that his comic range was very much wider than is generally assumed: the proportion on the "undressed vision" theme is remarkably small.

The Widow of Bath. Margot Bennett. *Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6.* Whodunit of ingenuity and wit. Plot a bit involved and improbable but the character-drawing and the bite of the writing put it in the star class. Even better than the writer's earlier novels.

The Right Honourable Corpse. Max Murray. *Michael Joseph, 10/6.* Murder of Australian Cabinet Minister. More interesting as a psychological study of the fringes of honesty than as a puzzle. Less neat and witty than the author's previous successes but a better novel.



"See--much clearer on the larger screen."

THE BIG CITY

MY mother wrote and said what a pity Diana was going to Australia. But why did I have to move out of the flat into a bed-sitting room again? Why didn't I find someone else who would share the flat with me after Diana had left? Didn't I know any nice girls? What about Sylvia?

I wrote back and said I didn't know anybody else I would care to share with. Why on earth Sylvia? My mother had never met Sylvia.

My mother wrote and said she knew she had never met Sylvia, but she sounded a nice, sensible girl. Wasn't it Sylvia who wore a hat for warmth?

I wrote and said, yes, Sylvia wore a hat for warmth. I wasn't going to share a flat with her.

Why not? my mother wrote. The more she thought about Sylvia, the more she liked her. Sylvia was quite a bit older than me, for one thing, and she would be a good influence. My mother sometimes thought of me galloping round Soho at one o'clock in the morning but she had never dared mention it or I would jump down her throat. Sylvia would steady me.

I wrote back and said I had never galloped round Soho at one o'clock in the morning. My mother saw too many films. I was quite happy about living on my own again as my mother would understand if she, too, had spent the best years of her life in a hut with twenty W.A.A.F.

My mother wrote and said she wasn't asking me to live with twenty W.A.A.F. Sometimes I was quite absurd. All she wanted was for me to share the flat with a nice, steady, sensible, quiet, reliable girl who could cook and wouldn't lose her head in an emergency.

As for films! She couldn't tell me how often she had watched a film and thought of me and gone stone cold. My mother hardly ever saw a film that didn't have young people suffering misfortunes which she could just see happening to me. And there were their mothers sitting



"...she loves me not..."

at home like her, knitting helplessly, trying not to read the papers, watching their friends' daughters getting married, and then ending up being brave at the Missing Persons Bureau. Like Whistler's mother.

But with Sylvia, now, my mother could see me living like a human being. She couldn't imagine Sylvia suddenly eating spaghetti in the middle of the night, or rushing off like a mad thing to spend weekends with peculiar friends at the other end of the country with two-pence-halfpenny in her pocket. And then finding they had moved.

I wrote back and said I thought I remembered hearing, some years ago, stories of rides in cars at breath-taking speeds at ten o'clock at night when someone was supposed to be in at nine; someone who blued all her money on a purple hat like a beehive; someone who precipitated a family crisis by using face-powder; someone who once bought a coat, didn't like it and gave it away, changed her mind and bought it back for a pound, had it dyed, didn't like it and gave it away again. Hm!

I haven't had an answer yet.
MARJORIE RIDDELL

IF THE CAP FITS . . .

"MAN is nowadays an open book," said Tarpaulin suddenly, as the three of us sat after lunch in our corner of the restaurant. "His face has worn thin and his character shows through."

Tarpaulin will go to any lengths to create an effect.

"That man just going out, for instance," he went on. "What would you say about him?"

We looked toward the door in time to see a figure in a brown overcoat turn to the restaurant before disappearing.

"Not knowing him, nothing," said Sturgeon.

"Not even about his eyes?"

"He had the right number, both looking the same way," I said. "What more could one ask?"

"The point you seem not to have noticed," said Tarpaulin, "is that they were so close together they practically touched."

"One can hardly blame him for that."

"Precisely. The born criminal type."

"Do you know this chap?" I asked him.

"No. And I shouldn't want to. A bad hat, obviously."

"But really——"

"I know a man with eyes as

close together as two peas in a pod, who regularly sends a quarter of his salary to charity," improvised Sturgeon.

"You mean old Hargreaves?" I added. "I know him well. Charming fellow. Wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Conscience money," said Tarpaulin. "What does he do for a living?"

"He makes ball-bearings," said Sturgeon.

"He sells motor cars," I said at the same time.

"Yes. Well, to return to the man who just went out," said Tarpaulin. "You noticed his ears, I suppose."

"One ear is much the same as any other," Sturgeon temporized.

"Nonsense," said Tarpaulin. "Look at mine." That too was his point; his are like wings.

"Well, what about his ears?" I asked.

"There are ears with lobes, and ears without," he said. "His were without."

"Well!"

"Untrustworthy—completely." He waited for comments, but we were silent.

"As for the way he walked," he went on, "that clinches it. Mean, grasping, dishonest——"

I looked across at Sturgeon, who nodded.

"My old father," I said heatedly, "was the nicest, kindest man anyone could ever hope to meet. Although he made a fortune during his lifetime by honest business built up on goodwill, he died without a penny, because of his extreme benevolence. He used to invite street musicians home to dinner and refused to allow mousetraps in the house. He walked exactly like that."

"Like what?" said Tarpaulin. Unfortunately I hadn't noticed that either.

Tarpaulin rose to go, leaving the bill on the table.

"I suppose you'll tell us next you can gauge his character from the overcoat he was wearing," I said.

"Certainly," said Tarpaulin, making for the door. "It was yours."

EPICRIM

BLACK SHEEP

NOTHING in Vice is half so vicious As what the really virtuous wish us,
Nor is there sin in Sin more black
Than what we wish the virtuous back.

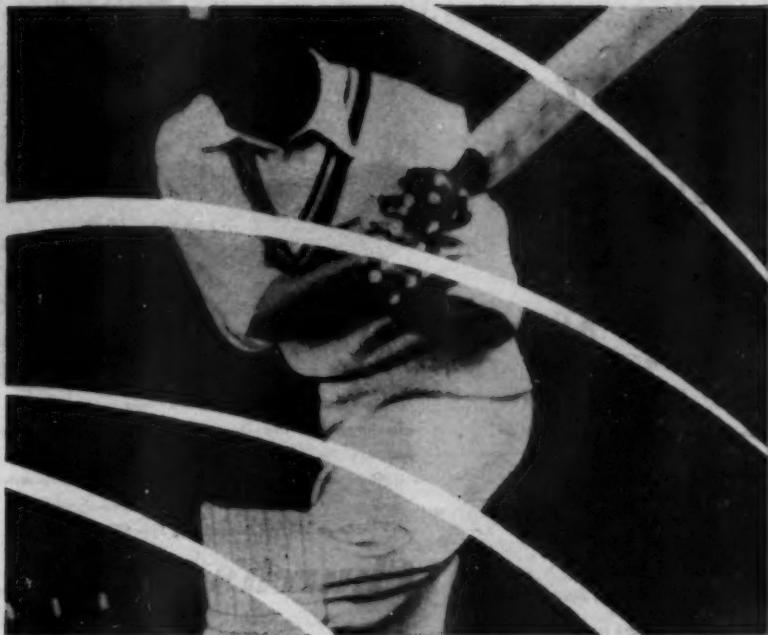
J. R.



"That's a coincidence—there's a long queue outside this one too."

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The eyes signal the fast long-hop outside the leg stump. The heels pivot . . . the shoulders are square . . . the arms sweep round, and follow through . . . the bat superimposes its weight upon the ball's own impetus. **IT ALL ADDS UP TO** a hook that scatters the spectators beyond the square-leg boundary.

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IT ALL ADDS UP TO



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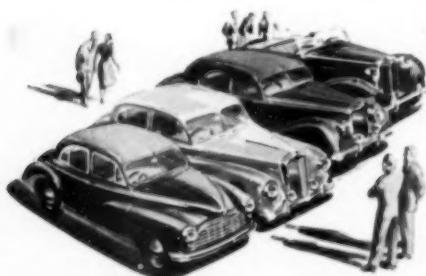


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We know how this Morris car will come through that sandstorm, because we can produce a sandstorm at Cowley, which is as fierce as any real one. In the same way we simulate the arctic conditions of the frozen north and have a freezer that hangs icicles on a car with 100 degrees of frost. We even collected a wicked "pot hole", cast it in metal and fitted it to a machine that gives a car's suspension as much punishment in five hours

as it would get in six months on the road. These are not stunts — they are practical tests that go on day after day to ensure that every Nuffield product will give a good account of itself on any road, under all conditions, in every country of the world. So, when any motorist takes delivery of a Morris, Wolseley, Riley or M.G. car, he can be quite sure he has a thoroughly reliable vehicle to which we are proud to give our name.



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I'm quite happy about tuning an engine. But you can lose me pretty early in the higher lubrication. Still, the designers of my car recommend Energol, and as I usually finish near the front, I know I'm on a winner with ENERGOL, THE OILIER OIL says the racing motorist.

Use ENERGOL motor oil

Recommended by Rolls-Royce and Leading Car Manufacturers
PRICE'S LUBRICANTS LIMITED

Backroom Boy with a bucksaw Although his name never appears Halloran is one of the most important contributors to the newspapers. In fact, it is on his bucksaw that the publication of the newspaper depends. For Barney Halloran* is a Newfoundland logger, on the pay roll of the largest paper mill in the world — Bowater's at Corner Brook. His job is to fell and cut the trees into four foot logs, using the length of his bucksaw as a measure. They are then ready for the journey to Corner Brook by sleigh, truck, train, ship or most usual of all, floating down by river, there to be pulped and processed into newsprint. Halloran stands five foot eleven in his socks, and weighs 200 pounds, according to the Medical Officer who runs the foot rule over every logger at the start of the season. According to the camp cook, his appetite is built in proportion! "He'd eat a cow between two biscuits." But Barney just smiles tolerantly, knowing that a logger without an appetite is as useless as an axe without a handle.

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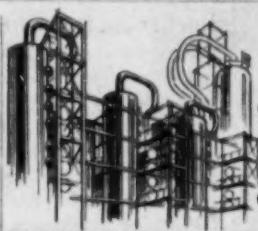
To
lovers of
beautiful
sherry...



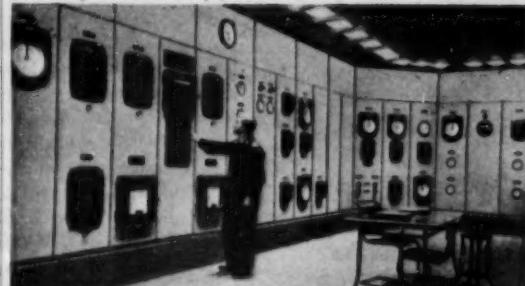
Enchantment lies in a glass of "Pintail"—and so connoisseurs are again happily writing cheques for personal supplies of this proud product of Spain. A special gift pack of two bottles is available for 42/4d, direct from Matthew Glaag & Son Ltd., of Perth, Scotland, who have been importing fine sherry since 1800.

"Pintail" is a quite exceptional pale dry sherry. You are invited to send your order right away.

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A letter from Brazil*

"WE were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo* (a camp of diamond panners), when the strap of my Rolex broke, and the watch disappeared into the flood. Search proved useless and I was obliged to continue, with a heavy heart. Two months later, I stopped for the night several miles below the point where I had lost my Rolex. That night, sitting round the fire, we began talking. Asked how things were going, an old garimpero said, 'Very badly, sir. Pedro dos Santos thought he'd found a large piece yesterday, but it was only a watch.'

"My heart stopped. I asked to see the find. Scornfully my dear Rolex was hurled at me across the fire. Pedro consented to sell it willingly, thinking that a watch that had been in the water was worth nothing, and with a broad grin at the idiocy of this foreigner he pocketed five 'milreis.' The laugh was on the other side of his face when a few minutes later I put it back on my wrist and set it going!"

This is an extract from a letter written to Rolex by a customer, Mr. Victor L. Bondi, now of Geneva. We think it speaks for itself. There are few hardships a Rolex watch cannot undergo; that delicate mechanism is so well made, so well protected by the Oyster case. This, anyway, is the true story of what happened to one Rolex Oyster.

You may say that *your* watch is never likely to be subjected to such rugged tests. All watches are subjected to tests; the hazards of day-to-day wear are slighter, but more insidious. But a watch such as this can always function perfectly, untouched by dust or dirt, water or perspiration. Isn't perfection what you ask for in a watch? Don't forget that the more junior member of the Rolex family, the Tudor, is also protected by the Oyster case.

★ Mr. Bondi's original letter can be inspected at the offices of the Rolex Watch Company, 18 Rue du Marché, Geneva, Switzerland.



"...we were travelling up the river Jequitinhonha, in the State of Bahia, by canoe, to reach a famous *garimpo*..."

Delicacy and strength are combined to perfection in the Rolex Oyster. Delicacy of movement, so that its accuracy is unquestioned; strength of construction, so that no dust or damp or water can penetrate that perfectly waterproof Oyster case and harm the movement.



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R.S.V.P.

Our social intercourse is peppered with these little formal Gallicisms. French is, indeed, not only the language of formality—the diplomatic language—but, pre-eminently, it is the language of the table. It is the language of the *connaisseur*, the *gourmet*; it is the language of the *carte du jour*; that being so, it is the language of the *chef de cuisine* below stairs in the Connaught Rooms. Here, where no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous banqueting halls are gathered together under one roof, London enjoys a veritable *chef d'œuvre* every night: it is an amenity which has no equal anywhere on earth.

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Psychopathic cyclist learns to wheel right



In cycling cycles, they call Sid the "Trackless Waste." He used to be first string for Wilbury Wheelers—and chewed string at that. "How's your chequend-flag career?" I jolted him.

"Finished," snarled Sid. "I've been a free Wheeler ever since this constipation started. I feel as flat as a punctured tyre."

"Obviously," I said. "You've got inner tube trouble."

"Huh?" back-peddled Sid. "It's true," I said. "only this inner tube is in your inside—30 ft. of it. And everything you eat has to go through it. The trouble is that there's nothing for your bowel muscles to grip on in the soft, starchy food we put down nowadays—and they just out of condition."

"What happens then?" asked Sid. "A pile-up?" I said, "caused by overtaking on the inside. At this point constipation makes you feel like braking, and the colly-wobbles become wheel-wobbles. The only thing for you," I said, "is bulk."

"No more medicine for me," moaned Sid.

"Agreed," I said. "You'll get all the bulk those muscles need, merely by having Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. It's delicious—and it'll make you 'regular.'"

"Can I bank on it?" asked Sid.

But the next time I saw the old cross-bar—whooosh, that's a cyclone, that was! When he'd finished winning, I took him aside. "What's the score?" I said. "Rouleur?"

"I don't need 'em," chirruped Sid. "I'm fit for a sixty-day cycle race now. That All-Bran you mentioned made me 'regular'—in four days!"

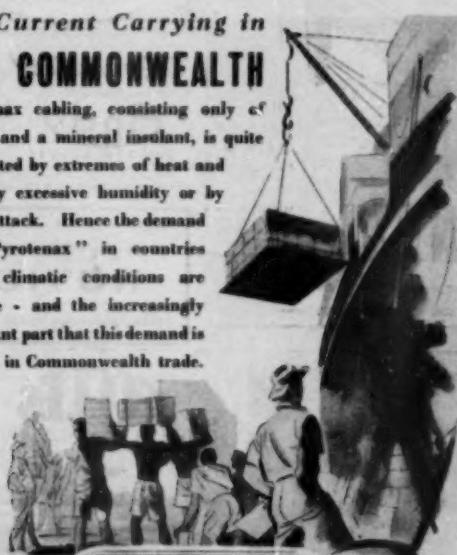
"A Tour de Force," I said.

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JOHN HARVEY

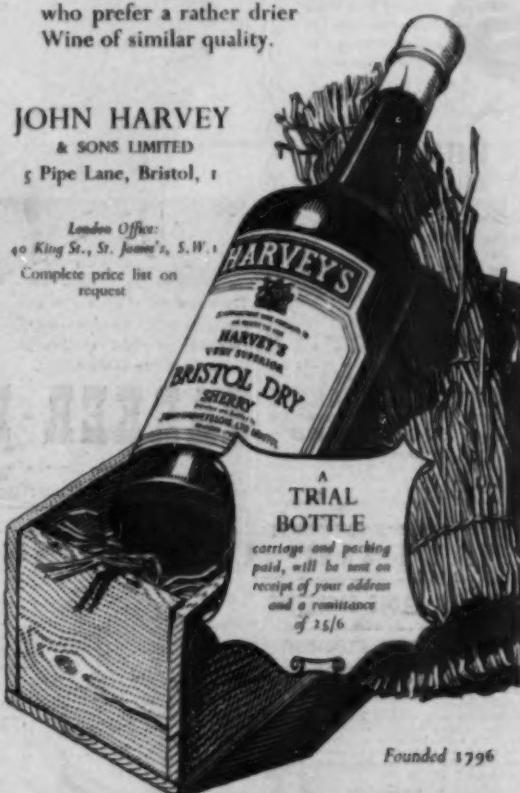
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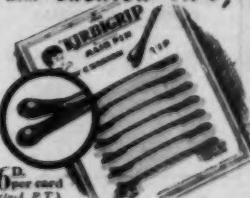


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Punch, May 14, 1952

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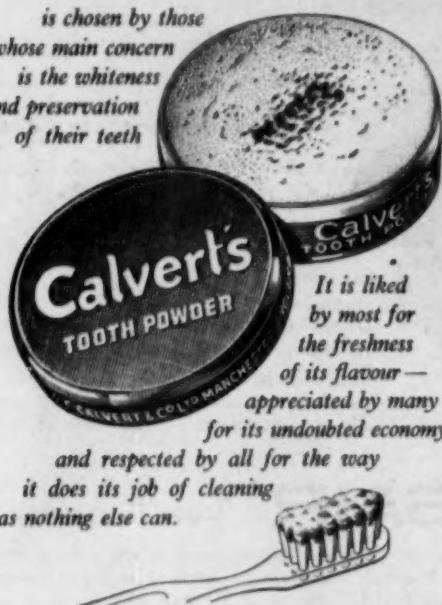
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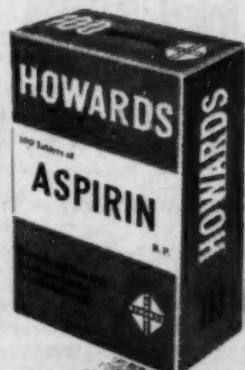
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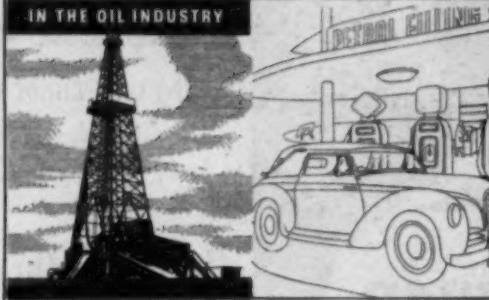
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Punch, May 14 1952

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AMONG the problems that oilwell drillers have to solve are the cooling of their drill (which may be three miles or more below ground, at the bottom of a hole only a foot or two wide) and the removal from the hole of the earth and rock that the drill cuts away. The surprising answer to these problems (and to one or two others as well) is — mud. It is special mud, of course — a thick and sometimes rather milky fluid which costs just about as much as milk. It is pumped continuously down the slender, jointed steel tube that drives the drill; it flows through the drill itself, fills the hole outside the tube, and so flows back to the surface, carrying the drill-cuttings with it. The returned mud is sieved, to remove the cuttings, and used again. But if the earth round the hole is porous, as it usually is, the mud may lose so much water by seepage that its circulation cannot be maintained.

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HEADACHE ?

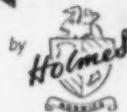
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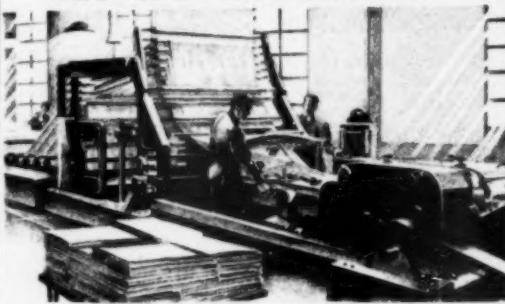
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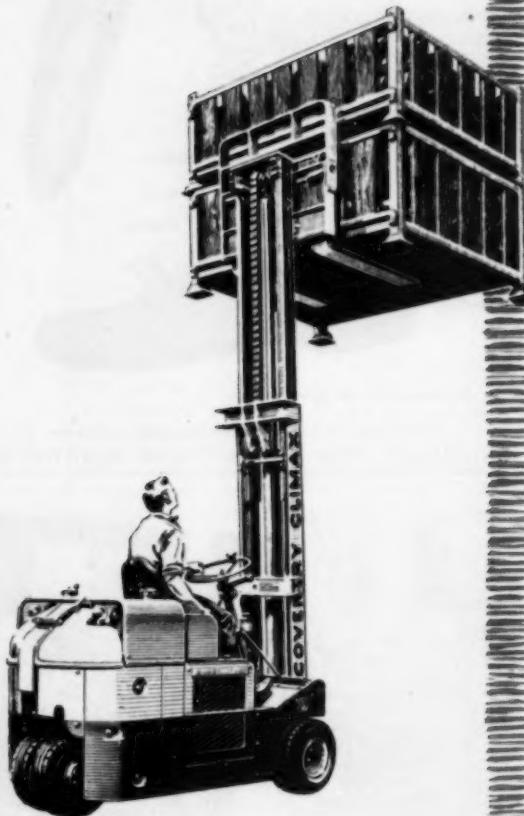
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